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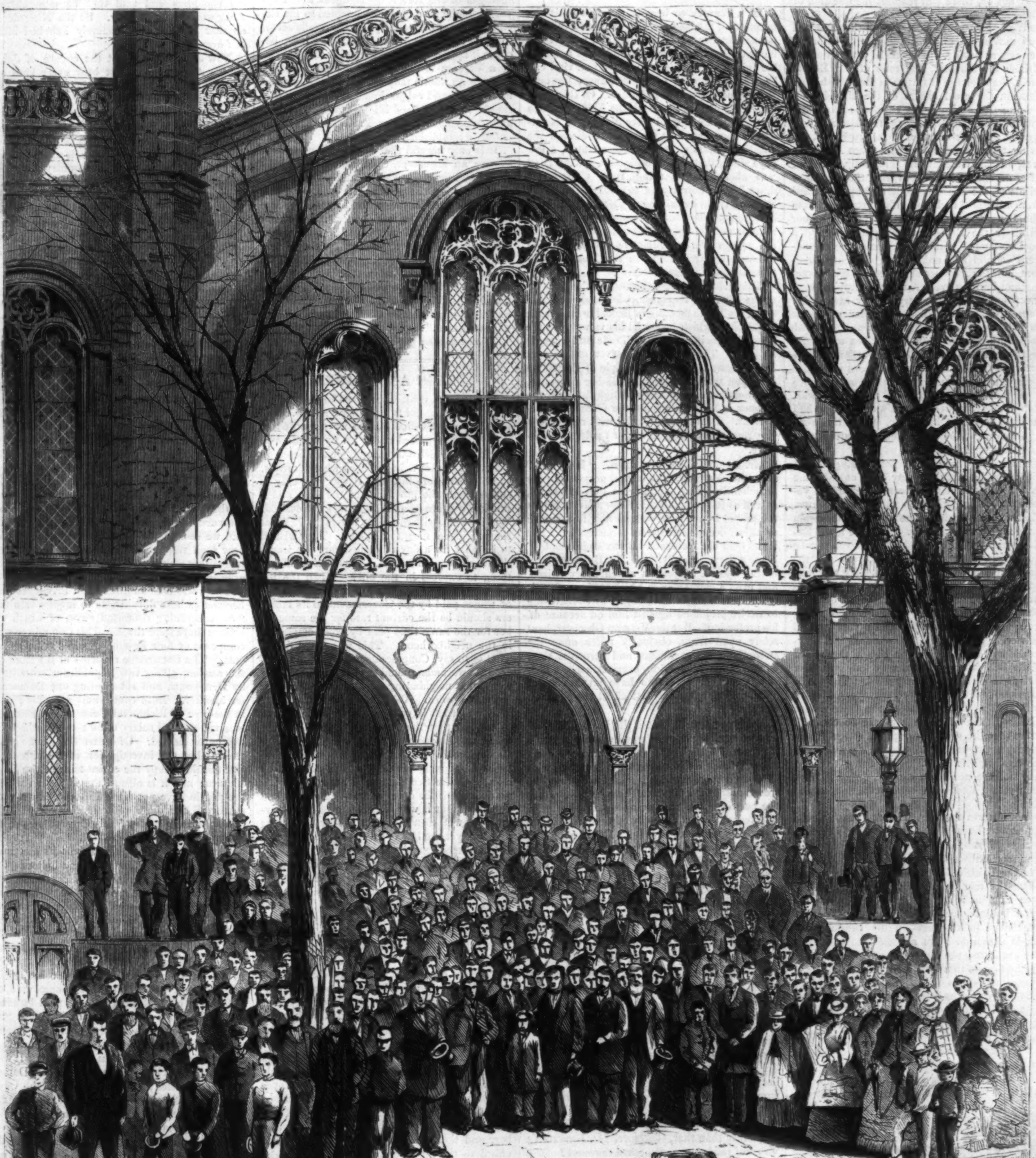


MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION HELD AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, April 28, 29, and 30, 1869.—[See Page 308.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 15, 1869.

THE BRITISH QUESTION.

The baffling fact in the settlement of the *Alabama* question is the sentimental difficulty. But is it impossible to show intelligent Englishmen that by every usual and acknowledged means of such knowledge we had every reason to suppose a profound latent hostility toward us upon the part of the British Government; and that still believing that the hostility existed we can demonstrate that the principle involved in the British action is destructive of all international amity? The question is one of principle and of fact. Ought a friendly power to serve as a naval base of hostile expeditions against another, and was not England such a base during the rebellion? If a nation may be such a base, there is an end of what are called friendly international relations. If she may not be, there still remains the question of fact.

We had every right to suppose that England was unfriendly, and consequently to interpret her acts as hostile. The official conduct of the British Government, the tone of the British press, the applause of Laird in the British Parliament, the cruel cheers of the British ship passing the *Alabama*, the courteous scorn and incredulity of British society, the base and malignant misrepresentation of the truth, and the evident carelessness to know what the truth was, all these meant one thing only. When, after urgent remonstrances from the American Minister, the *Alabama* gayly and openly sailed from Liverpool and took in her armament from the British shore, and to the protest of our Minister the British Government returned a cool statement that the stomach-ache of eminent counsel had unhappily complicated matters, and the *Alabama* skimmed the seas ravaging and burning every American craft she met, the people of this country merely saw in her depredations the visible consequences of the British hostile feeling. The *Alabama*, a British ship, burning American ships at sea was merely the cheers of the British Parliament, the sneers of the British press, the scorn of British society taking form. It was the more offensive because in the Russian and the Indian war, then recently ended, the United States had observed the most honorable, and if the word might be used, the most friendly neutrality toward England.

These facts, which no honest Englishman will deny, however he may even at the time have regretted them, indicated a real and vehement hostile feeling to the United States. That this country had done nothing to occasion it we are far from saying. That we loved England more than England loved us can not be truly alleged. But the frank expression, "the bubble has burst," revealed a feeling that was very profound and very universal. Now it is for every reasonable Englishman to consider whether it is not highly probable that under the spur of such a feeling, and a very general conviction of what the *Times* called "the impossibility" of restoring the Union, the action of the British Government may not have been such as to be afterward regretted. The whole question under this aspect may be narrowed to this: Was the conduct of the Government friendly? Certainly we presume no one will assert that the tone of the press, which generally represents the popular sentiment upon such subjects, was friendly. But if not friendly, may not the action of the Government have been really, and upon calm reflection, untenable?

We observe that Mr. H. Lee Warner, who appears to have been a friend of this country during the rebellion, writes to the *Nation* that the proclamation of neutrality was issued to enable the British Government to stop two ships which the rebel agents were about expediting from England; and that the recognition of equal belligerence was, therefore, a friendly act, "done in kindness" to the Union. But Mr. Warner does not say that the proclamation prevented the departure of the two ships, and he forgets that Lord Chelmsford, the ex-Chancellor, states that if the rebels had not been recognized as belligerents the Englishmen engaged in fitting out such ships as the rebel agents were expediting would be guilty of piracy. That is to say, the proclamation was not necessary to enable the British Government to prevent the departure of the ships. Mr. Warner says further that "we English blushed at the tone of our newspapers, at the tone of our Beresford Hopes, and at the remissness of our Government officials." But does Mr. Warner really believe that if the Government had been acting in a friendly spirit, and anxious that all should be "done in kindness," its officials would have been remiss? Certainly not; those were the precise circumstances under which officials are not remiss.

If, then, the feeling of the people, with the noble exceptions which Americans can never forget, as shown in every recognized form, was unfriendly; and if the action of the Government was also unfriendly, is it not very probable that acts were done, such as the building, equipping, and sailing of the *Alabama*, which were not only unlawful, but which in principle must necessarily destroy the comity of nations? Is it impossible to show this to England, and if not impossible is there any reason why England should not honorably concede that the principle is untenable? It is to this point, it seems to us, that the negotiations should tend. We can not call England to account for not liking us except by a declaration of war. We can not heal a wound of friendship by a bank-note. But we certainly can show that, not being friendly, England did not carefully consider the character of her act, and then there can be no honorable reason why she should not disavow an untenable position. If diplomacy has not advanced to that point it lags behind the age. Let the statesmen of each country take counsel of the best, not of the worst, public opinion around them.

A MODEL ARGUMENT.

In a country so heavily taxed as this the question of the best method of raising revenue is one that can not be avoided, and which must be discussed in the calmest and most reasonable spirit. No subject so grave and vital can be wisely disposed of by flippancy, personal abuse, and appeals to prejudice. Of this great but rather elementary truth the *Tribune*, which is the advocate of the Protective system, is evidently conscious. It proposes to discuss the question candidly, and therefore stated, a few days since, that the Abolitionists, having tried "to abolish every thing, from Christianity down," were now trying to abolish the tariff. Nothing could be fairer in spirit and weightier in argument than such a remark; and this admirable and forcible presentation of the essential reason of the Protective policy has been followed up by a writer in the *Times* signing himself "A Veteran Observer."

This writer addresses himself to the remarks of the Rev. Mr. Beecher, who lately presided at a Free Trade meeting in Brooklyn, and made a speech in which he stated his views upon the general principles of Free Trade and cognate subjects. The Veteran Observer differs with Mr. Beecher upon the principle of Protection and upon the true method of raising a revenue, and nothing can be more delightful than the manner of his reply except the force of his argument. It mingles urbanity with reason in a very remarkable degree, as our readers will observe.

Mr. Beecher is a clergyman. "It may be," says the Veteran, "that the gospel can be preached in a newspaper, or possibly in a novel, as well as in the pulpit......What a pity it is that the gospel is not wide enough and full enough to afford occupation for its ministers!......But let us hear the Reverend Henry's philosophy." Some writers, in replying to Mr. Beecher's remarks upon a subject in which every citizen, and even a clergyman is a citizen, is profoundly interested, might have begun by endeavoring to excite prejudice against him on account of his profession. But the Veteran Observer, bent solely upon truth, obviously relies upon the strength of his argument, and perceives that, whatever his occupation, every American citizen is morally bound to have an intelligent opinion upon questions that affect the common welfare.

Mr. Beecher illustrated the impossibility of protecting every interest equally by the struggle for food of little pigs in the litter. "I don't know," felicitously answers the Veteran, with delicate humor, "which is most interesting, the free trader or the pigs......The pigs have rather the best of it, for they go upon fixed instincts, and feel under no necessity of becoming idiots when they were not born so." Could any thing be more excellently put, or more conclusive against the philosophy of free trade? Free traders are idiots. Is it not *a fortiori* evident that free trade, or any theory of raising revenue except that of the Veteran, is sheer idiocy?

Mr. Beecher said that the coming question is the relation of organized capital to the unprotected laborer. The Veteran is at him again. "In this he is much nearer the mark than he thinks himself; but he has not expressed it right, or defined it right, or seems to know where he is going......Does the Reverend Henry get his very comfortable salary from free pews?......No manufacturing Company makes such profits as the gamblers in Wall Street,...... and I guess it would not be very hard to find the operators sitting in the cushioned pews of fashionable churches paying their share for the support of fashionable ministers." There he certainly has him! Wall Street brokers pay for pews in Mr. Beecher's church. What can be plainer than that, therefore, Mr. Beecher's views of raising a revenue are unsound?

Mr. Beecher suggested that he had been called to preside because he represented a very large and yet undeveloped class of persons in the community. Hapless man! See how neatly the Veteran demolishes the idea that there will ever be any more free traders: "Agassiz tells us that there are six stages of a frog, each of which is found in some part of the country as a separate animal. But these never grow into one another; so that a tadpole in one part of the country never becomes a frog. These 'undeveloped' free traders will never grow into any thing more. It is the whole of them." Thus to hold other views of raising a revenue than those of a Veteran is to prove yourself not only an idiot but a tadpole. Now the plain practical question is, shall an enlightened people listen to idiotic tadpoles?

Mr. Beecher, venturing still further to state his views upon the true principles of raising a revenue, the Veteran subtly refutes him again by a series of the most skillful and admirable arguments. The present tariff, says the Veteran, averages forty-seven per cent. on all importations. "Without this revenue we could not pay the interest upon the national debt...... The value of Government bonds depends upon maintaining the tariff at the highest practical point......I am sorry to see gentlemen of estimable character and popular talents ministering to the mere quackeries of the day, bringing educated gentlemen down to the low level of vulgar demagogues......None but the wildest theorists or the veriest demagogues would oppose a doctrine so obviously adapted to the circumstances of our country." This really seems to settle the whole question of Free Trade, because it appears that to differ with the theories of a Veteran is not only to demonstrate that you are an idiotic tadpole, but that you are a mere quack and vulgar demagogue. Now why should any body heed idiots, tadpoles, quacks, and demagogues? The Protective theory is palpably established.

It is only natural that at the end of so persuasive an argument, conducted in so philosophic and generous a spirit, and with such entire freedom from personality of every kind, an argument so distinguished by amenity, and so illuminated with intelligence, the Veteran should remark: "I quarrel with no one for differences of opinion, or even for the wildest theories of government or society. But I do claim that in this great nation, with its hundreds of colleges, the discussion of great national questions should be conducted with the amenities of gentlemen and the intelligence of educated men."

Si monumentum queris, circumspice!

TIME AND WAGES.

It is a great misfortune that Congress is not a little more careful to say what it means. The new Tenure-of-Office bill, as we remarked at the time, was passed under an explanation in one House which was directly contradicted in the other, so that nobody knows what it means. If no deceit were intended it was very easy to state exactly the provisions of the law; and it was left obscure because light was not desired. Was it so also with the Eight Hours law? What the petitioners meant was plain. They wished to be paid for a day of eight hours the wages that are now paid for ten. Was that a difficult thing to express in the bill? When the bill came up Senator Sherman moved that the rate of wages paid by the Government to its laborers should be the current rate for the same labor for the same time paid by other employers in the neighborhood. This was voted down. That is to say, Congress decided that the Government workmen should be paid for eight hours' work what neighboring workmen were paid for ten hours' work. Why didn't the bill say so? Why was it left in conflict with other laws, and so worded that the Attorney-General at that time, and his successor, must be appealed to for an explanation? Senator Wilson has published a summary of the debate, in the form of a letter to the Secretary of War, and there is no doubt that the question was understood and debated; that it was resolved to pay the Government workmen more than other workmen; and that yet the law is so loosely drawn that it is interpreted exactly the other way.

Is not that fact, under the circumstances, suspiciously suggestive? Suppose that the bill had been entitled an act to pay the laborers under Government one-fifth more than the current rate of wages, how would it have been received by the country, and especially by all laborers, except the "few hundreds" who, it appears, are employed by the Government? Suppose that it had been expressed in another form as an act to furnish the laborers under Government with a sirloin and a pudding every Sunday, would it have been supported with equal zeal, yet would it have been essentially different?

Senator Wilson remarks that he was not himself convinced that as much work could be done in eight hours as in ten, nor that it ought to be paid for at the same rate; but he was sure that it might be for the benefit of toiling men and women to reduce the hours of labor, and that at least the Government could afford to try the experiment. The difficulty is with the Senator's reasoning, not with his feeling. The Government is, in this sense, an irresponsible proprietor. The tendency of its action is to compel all other employers to pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work. It may be a mistake. It may lead to disaster. But even if individual proprietors were fatally injured the Government does not suffer, and merely puts its hands into the pockets of those proprietors to pay for the losses which its own action has occasioned. Is it the function of a Government to try experiments in political economy? It is certainly most desirable to lighten and simplify toil and to secure comfort to every man and woman, but is it reasonable to suppose that this can be done by a law that sixpenny loaves of bread shall be sold for fourpence?

PUBLIC POCKET-PICKING.

It was a favorite amusement of the older satirical English writers to depict John Bull as a dull, patient fool who danced at every whim of his rulers and humbly paid the piper; and Bagehot quotes Voltaire as saying somewhere, that the art of government is to make two-thirds of a people pay all it possibly can pay for the benefit of the other third. But at least John Bull could not help himself except by revolution, and therefore even when James II. deliberately proceeded to undo the results of the long civil war, the patient sufferer shrugged his shoulders and said that he thought the King would not last long. So the King dealt another blow—and fortunately knocked himself over.

Now Jonathan has not the excuse of John Bull. A man who must bear every kind of outrage because he can not help himself, except at the extremest peril, may move pity and sympathy; but a stalwart fellow who allows a sneak openly to pick his pockets is merely contemptible. This excellent city is one stalwart fellow of that kind, this State is another, and very often it seems as if the country were another. The people of this city and State elect the persons who make and execute the laws. If they elected honest agents the work would be honestly done. But is it honestly done? Twenty-five cents out of every dollar of internal tax which is collected disappears. It does not reach the Treasury. Meanwhile the ridiculous Jonathan roars about taxation and economy. "That rascal is picking my pocket," whines the stout giant. Why don't you stop him then, and your blubbering at the same time?

The Legislature of this State will probably have adjourned when this paper is issued. It was a Republican Legislature, although the majority of that party was small. It had tried, and able, and upright members. But no Legislature ever had a worse name. Is the Republican party therefore responsible? Not at all; for the steady opposition to most of the unworthy propositions came from the great body of the Republicans, while the only hope of the hucksters lay in the few Republicans who could be "influenced." But we invite the attention of the honest Republicans of the State to one little account which appeared in the Supply bill, and we remind them that a party which must bear such responsibilities is in serious danger unless that stalwart public is a greater fool than ever.

There was a Committee upon Privileges and Elections whose duty it was to inquire into the facts concerning contested seats, of which we believe there were three. This Committee was composed of four Republicans and one Democrat. The Committee reported at the close of the session, giving two Republicans seats held by Democrats, and substituting one Democrat for another. Both contestants are paid; and in the case of Richmond County, Mr. Decker received the full salary of an office to which he was never elected. Of course there is no good reason that the investigation of a claim to a seat should occupy the entire term of the Legislature; and it is absurd that a person whom the people have not elected should cast a vote during all that time.

But the expenses of this Committee are as ludicrous as they are shameful. The bill of the hotel in New York at which it held its meetings amounted to nearly nine thousand dollars. Of this sum nearly five thousand dollars were made up of charges for the use of public parlors, and of such items as "Booth's, Niblo's, Opera, livery, $33;" and "Wallack's, brandy, and wine, $15 50;" and "Brandy, cigars, dinners, wine, $30 50." The Committee of Ways and Means—a Republican committee—struck out every item except for actual board and other legitimate expenses, and still the bill amounted to $6000. Mr. Selkreg's bill was paid by himself, and no wine or cigars were charged to Mr. Conant, as appears by the published letters from Albany. This wanton waste is, however, not peculiar to a Republican committee. It was equally flagrant last year in the case of a Democratic committee; and this is one of the ways in which stalwart Jonathan's pocket is picked.

Mr. Conant, of Suffolk, introduced a bill which proposes to simplify the settlement of questions of contested seats by taking all testimony before the meeting of the Legislature, and giving the Committee on Elections ten days from its appointment to report and the Legislature five days for a decision—a bill which makes no provision whatever for "Olympic, cigars, brandy, and wine." Nor for "whisky, wine, and Niblo's." Should the majority pass this bill it would stop a shameful leak in the Treasury, and commend itself to public favor. Yet, whether it is passed or not, Republicans ought to remember that the party will suffer for the conduct of some of its members; and the work of all of us is harder. When the assertion that one party is as honest as another seems to be forcibly illustrated, there are men enough in the dominant party who will stay at home and let the party be defeated.

CONDITION OF TRADE.

The anomalous feature still continues of a tolerably firm cotton market and a weak market for cloths, both brown and bleached. At the close of April middlings were as follows: Upland and Florida, 28½ @ 28¾; Mobile, 28¾ @ 29; New Orleans, 29 @ 29¼; Texas, 29¼ @ 29½. This is about two cents per lb. higher than at Liverpool. At Manchester the complaint is still made that manufacturers find the supply of their products to exceed the demand, which is the present feature of the trade on this side. Profit is still made here in wide sheetings, as there are but about half a dozen mills with looms of sufficient width to produce them, and the market is never glutted. Those with narrow looms find it exceedingly difficult to make a profit, as the supply is in excess of apparent wants. The fear is entertained that weak mills will be obliged to stop, and that only those of large means will be able to go on in the face of present competition. The Southern mills, which are increasing in numbers, distribute chiefly through New York and Philadelphia, although their productions constitute but a very small percentage of the whole. Western mills distribute more in their particular localities, and scarcely at all through New York and Philadelphia.

Some of the workmen thrown out of employment by the strike in Preston occasioned by the reduction of wages have reached this country, but the opinion prevails that they are unable to manage as many looms as the best of our own, and they will probably pass into other occupations. At Liverpool a larger number than usual of skilled workmen had congregated, determined to emigrate; but when they reach the small and quiet manufacturing towns on this side, and find neither gin nor dance houses, nor the protection of trade-unions, they are for the moment dissatisfied. The reduction of wages at Preston, which amounted to about ten per cent., had been at last advices assented to, and arrangements were being made by many of the mills that had stopped to resume work. It is clear that the reduction claimed was not capricious, but arose from actual necessity, due in part to the ability of the Continent, where food is more abundant, to produce at lower cost.

The trade in woolen fabrics in this country is not satisfactory. Fancy cassimeres are sold at rates under those which prevailed before the war, notwithstanding that the expenses of the mills have been largely augmented. The importation of these fabrics has fallen off as our skill in production improves. Instead of importing a case of a particular style only pieces arrive. Articles of superior finish and quality in this line are now made here, and it would appear from the present state of the market, in excess of the demand. If faced cloths were produced in lieu of cassimeres by some of the mills, we should soon attain the excellence which is shown abroad in this manufacture, and become independent of foreign countries, so far as fabrics for men's wear are concerned.

In foreign dress goods the trade this spring has been good; but from the circumstances we have mentioned, resulting in a falling market for domestic productions, business is not satisfactory, although it is expected to improve. The bottom is supposed to have been reached. Southern people have too much to do in the way of recuperation to enter into extravagance, and the West is waiting for a better demand for grain, and for the opening of navigation. It is quite clear that what grain had reached the East has hitherto created a burden to be carried, and it is fortunate that more has not been pressed upon the sea-board. The market had slightly improved. The recent arrivals of wheat at Liverpool, the product of California, have proved unprofitable, and made further shipments impossible from that quarter.

The industries pursued in this country are all of them at disadvantage as compared with those of foreign people, from the great expense which attends them, the effect of our financial condition. The markets of the world are closed against most that we produce, because cheaper can be supplied by others.

Cotton has this year found a highly remunerative market, in the face of peculiar circumstances, and for many of our other agricultural productions we have been well paid. The situation as to cotton was carefully weighed by Southern planters, and they have acted with uncommon firmness and skill in dealing out their crop. The effect could scarcely have been accomplished without extensive combinations, by means of which they have fortunately secured to themselves an amount of capital sufficient to go far toward placing the South on a sound footing.

Our industries, however, are many of them so unremunerative that the duty is impressed upon us of lopping off every useless expense, so that we may be able to compete in the markets of the world with the foreign producer in every form of industry suitable to our country.

Gold at the close of April advanced for a short time to 135, notwithstanding sales by the Government. The impression prevails that these sales are made with a view to the purchase by Mr. Boutwell of the Five-Twenties of 1862; but we can not suppose that such purchase will be made as long as floating obligations remain outstanding. The National banks hold about thirty-seven millions of the outstanding fifty-seven millions of 3 per cent. certificates issued during the war, all of which are past due, and demandable, principal and interest, in currency at any time. These certificates are held as part of the reserve of banks, and if paid off by the United States would require to be replaced by legal tenders, and consequently their withdrawal would amount to a contraction of our paper issues to that extent.

A prudent merchant would pay off a floating in preference to an unmatured debt, and we suppose that Mr. Boutwell, in fixing upon the policy to be pursued, will maturely consider whether or not contraction will be supported, and adopt or abandon it as he shall decide this question, upon which vast interests are inevitably hinged.

THE CUBAN NEWS.

The Cuban cause has been immensely strengthened by the reported orders issued by Count Valmaseda, the Spanish Commander in the eastern part of the island. No civilized nation will suffer so savage a policy to be pursued without forcible protest, and its execution in Cuba, if it be really intended, will do for the Cubans all that a signal act of heroism upon their own part would do, it will arouse the sympathy of the world. There are plenty of men living who recall the massacre of Scio, and the intense feeling which it kindled for the cause of Greece. The crimes of Claverhouse are among the blackest stains upon the reign of Charles II., and the bloody assizes of Jeffreys sealed the hatred of the English for James. A policy of cruelty, always criminal, is in this age and in such a cause utterly intolerable, and the Spanish minister in this country may safely assure his Government that Valmaseda is a more fatal foe to the Spanish rule in Cuba than Cespedes.

The Mexican Congress, by a vote of 100 to 12, has recognized Cuban belligerency. This is what England did at the outbreak of the rebellion. The Cuban flag is admitted and recognized in Mexican ports. This was to be expected; for the memory of the long struggle of Mexico with Spain is yet fresh and warm in the traditions of the country. This recognition, however, is thus far merely a declaration that there is a war, and that Mexico will remain neutral. The next step, of course, is recognition of the independence of the Cuban Government. That there is such a government is asserted in the Cuban address to the American people. The revolutionists issued their Declaration of Independence on the 10th of October, 1868, at Manzanillo; and their army is now stated to comprise some 42,000 men, under Cespedes, Commander-in-Chief, and "the head of the Republican Government, duly established within the lines of the Liberators." That government, however, is probably merely the head-quarters of an army. It is not a government like that of the Colonies in 1775, nor of the rebel States in 1861. It is such a government as Prim's when he raised the standard of revolution in Spain some four years ago.

But such a policy as that proclaimed by Valmaseda will soon give form and importance to the Cuban Government. Oliver Cromwell, indeed, smote Drogheda and Wexford with fire and sword, and subdued Ireland. But Valmaseda is not Cromwell, and Cromwell's policy is indefensible. The horrible memories of Andersonville and Belle Isle are too fresh in this country not to inspire a deep indignation with any belligerent that proposes to carry on warfare by unspeakable crimes.

IMPENDING BLESSINGS.

It is reported that the Mexican Government has offered to sell a part of its territory, perhaps the States of Sonora and Sinaloa, to the United States. Senator Chandler, of Michigan, proposes that England be requested to cede Canada in satisfaction of our claims for moral damages. And on the morning after the inauguration the *Tribune* anticipated the immediate dropping of luscious Cuba into the lap of the Union, with other bewildering splendors of acquisition and extension. Meanwhile Mr. Seward has bought Alaska for us, and our honor is perhaps pledged for St. Thomas.

If all these fine anticipations of expansion could be fulfilled by the 1st of June, this Government would be weaker than ever before. There would be immense opportunities for place-hunters and for rings of all kinds, and the corruption that now ravages the national character and wealth would certainly not be diminished. But with such a sudden extension of the area of the country, and so great an increase of a population alien in sympathy and tradition, it would be necessary to reconsider some ideas which have come to be regarded as fundamental; such, for instance, as the essential and indefeasible nationality of the Union, with its corollary of regarding secession as a crime. With a Union which would inevitably extend from the islands of the Gulf to its shores, and gradually absorb the Western Continent—a Union composed of utterly different races, languages, faiths, and traditions—it would be folly to suppose that the theory established by the war could continue. A nation is not made by mere contiguity. The French and the Germans are neighbors, but that is all. The French and English are neighbors, but no more. The association of people and states which would be the result of the universal annexation which is so fascinating to many minds would necessarily be of the nature of a League or a Confederacy. It would involve an entire change of polity, and the Union, as we of this generation have conceived and maintained it, would disappear.

We do not say that this is a result which is not inevitable, nor that it is undesirable. It is foolish to deprecate remote consequences, for the course of events can never be foreseen, and it is apparently determined by the most insignificant causes. The departure of a Genoese sailor from a Spanish port on an August morning four centuries ago; a Connecticut Yankee's invention of a better method of cleaning cotton—how unimportant but how full of consequence! A huge continental confederation of self-governing States may very well be the result to which we are silently drifting. Such a result may be fraught with incalculable advantage to the people of the continent. If we did not remember the North American Indians, and if popular institutions could affect climate, we might indeed prophesy with confidence.

At present, however, the one thing of which we can be tolerably sure is this that, if the condition of the Southern States is not an element of strength in the Union, the addition of half a million of Mexicans and of a million and a half of Cubans will not mend the matter. In any case there seems to be no reason for adding to our taxes in order to acquire these elements more speedily. If they are fruit which Heaven is evidently aiming at our laps, let us at least await the heavenly hour and not pluck the gift untimely.

TESTIMONIAL TO THOMAS NAST.

It is universally conceded that Mr. Thomas Nast's cartoons, published in *Harper's Weekly* during the war and since, were the most remarkable and effective that have been produced in the history of American illustrated journalism. They caught up and reflected, and at the same time strengthened the popular sentiment in favor of the Union and of Equal Rights for All. It was eminently proper, therefore, that the Union League Club of this city should have determined to show the appreciation which these works have won from all loyal men, by the presentation of the beautiful testimonial which we illustrate on page 314. The gift consisted of a Vase of solid silver, 15 inches high, made by Tiffany & Co. Two figures, one on either side, represent loyal Art armed with porte-crayons, and piercing the open-mouthed monster of Secession. On the Vase is the following inscription:

> Thirty-six Members of the Union League Club unite in presenting this Vase to Thomas Nast, as a token of their admiration of his Genius, and of his ardent devotion of that Genius to the Preservation of his Country from the schemes of Rebellion.
>
> April, 1869.

The Vase was presented to Mr. Nast at the rooms of the Union League Club on the evening of April 29, and appropriate speeches were made by Colonel R. C. Hawkins and other gentlemen, to which Mr. Nast felicitously responded.

NOTES.

The Narragansett Steamship Company propose to do a new and delightful thing. Their steamers, the *Bristol* and *Providence*, leave Pier 28 N. R. every day for Boston by way of Newport and Fall River, and how spacious and convenient the boats are is known to all travelers. But now for an hour before leaving the wharf, and during the charming sail through the East River to the Sound, there is to be a concert of the most popular music by the brass band attached to each boat, and in the evening a promenade concert by the reed and stringed band, which is no other, as the advertisement assures us, than Dodworth's orchestra. The managers truly say that "nothing in the mode of transportation of first-class passengers shall surpass this line on a scale of grandeur and magnificence."

The Veteran Temperance Corps of this city has recently taken up the subject of free bathing-places for our citizens, and has started a series of meetings to awaken popular interest in this important matter. A petition is being circulated asking that there shall be set apart a slip or basin at the easterly end of the Battery for the purposes of public salt-water baths, with appropriate buildings and accommodations. There is a proposition before the Common Council to assign this spot to private parties for the purpose, indeed, of public bathing, but with especial reference to the interest of these parties. Plainly this proposition should be rejected, and the one in the citizens' petition adopted. Instead of one, also, there ought to be a number of these public baths in the city.

Mr. Du Chaillu's remarkable success in his recent lectures in this city confirm the conviction which we expressed some time ago, that with such a topic and such audiences he could not help being interesting. We hope that his success here will induce him to extend his engagements so as to embrace all our large cities.

The subscription to the Library fund of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects goes on, and many of the most conspicuous citizens interested in all good causes are already among the subscribers. The names should be sent to A. J. Bloor, Secretary, 42 East Fourteenth Street.

CONVENT LIFE.

In Thackeray's "Irish Sketch Book" is an article on convents. Referring to the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, near Cork, he says: "In the grille is a little wicket and a ledge before it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to kneel; and a bishop is in a chapel on the other side, and takes their hands in his, and receives their vows. I had never seen the like before, and felt a sort of shudder in looking at the place. There rest the girl's knees as she offers herself up, and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels and denies forever the beautiful duties of her being—no tender maternal yearnings—no gentle attachments are to be had for her or from her—there she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart. Oh, honest Martin Luther! thank God you came to pull that infernal, wicked, unnatural altar down—that cursed Paganism! I came out of the place quite sick; and looking before me, there, thank God! was the blue spire of Monkstown Church, soaring up into the free sky—a river in front, rolling away to the sea—liberty, sunshine, all sorts of glad life and motion, round about; and I couldn't but thank Heaven for it, and the Being whose service is freedom, and who has given us affections that we may use them—not smother and kill them; and a noble world to live in, that we may admire it and Him who made it—not shrink from it, as though we dared not live there, but must turn our backs upon it and its bountiful Provider. I declare I think, for my part, that we have as much right to permit Sutteeism in India as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or Catholic bishops to receive them."

LIVES AND LIVES.

How easy they take it, their handful of Life!
No question, no struggle, no labor, no strife;
As an oyster that gapes, scarcely needing the knife.

Life's smoke was so thick that *I* only could see
A heart down in the battle—a soul on her knee;
'Twas such terrible, terrible earnest to me.

How lightly they mount, and go riding apace
Where the graves are the thickest—a smile on the face;
With a jaunty, lax, airy, inconsequent grace!

For this power to pass all the great sea through a sieve,
To turn mountains to molehills, oh, what would I give,
In this strong, earnest, terrible struggle to live!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Massachusetts Senate has, by a vote of 17 to 6, decided to exempt lager-bier from the provisions of the liquor law.

Robert Johnson, son of the ex-President, died at Greenville, Tennessee, April 22.

A sub-Committee of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress will visit Montreal speedily, for the purpose of arranging with the Canadian officials a basis for a new Reciprocity Treaty. It is proposed to have the new treaty ready to lay before Congress immediately after its reassembling.

The trial of Mumler for fraud in the exercise of his art of spiritual photography ended (*i. e.*, the testimony ended) in a ludicrous comedy. For P. T. Barnum made his appearance as witness. His replies to the questions asked him concerning the Mermaid, the Woolly Horse, George Washington's Nurse, etc., created boundless merriment. But his testimony was clearly given that several years ago he corresponded with Mumler, and succeeded in making a bargain with him as to the exposure of spiritual photography as one of the humbugs of the age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The sections of the Irish Church bill providing for the maintenance of certain church buildings as national monuments have been repealed.

Serious riots occurred at Londonderry, Ireland, on April 28, between Papists and Orangemen.

At the adjournment of the French Chambers on the 27th of April the Government members shouted "*Vive l'Empereur;*" in response to which the Opposition members raised the significant cry: "*Vive la Liberté.*"

It is reported that the Catholic missionaries in the province of Te-Chuen, China, with several hundred converts, have been massacred by the natives.

The Spanish Conscription law has been executed with comparatively little disturbance. The Cortes have rejected the proposition to declare the Roman Catholic religion the religion of the country.

The prerogative of the Crown in matters ecclesiastical is to be maintained under the new Constitution.

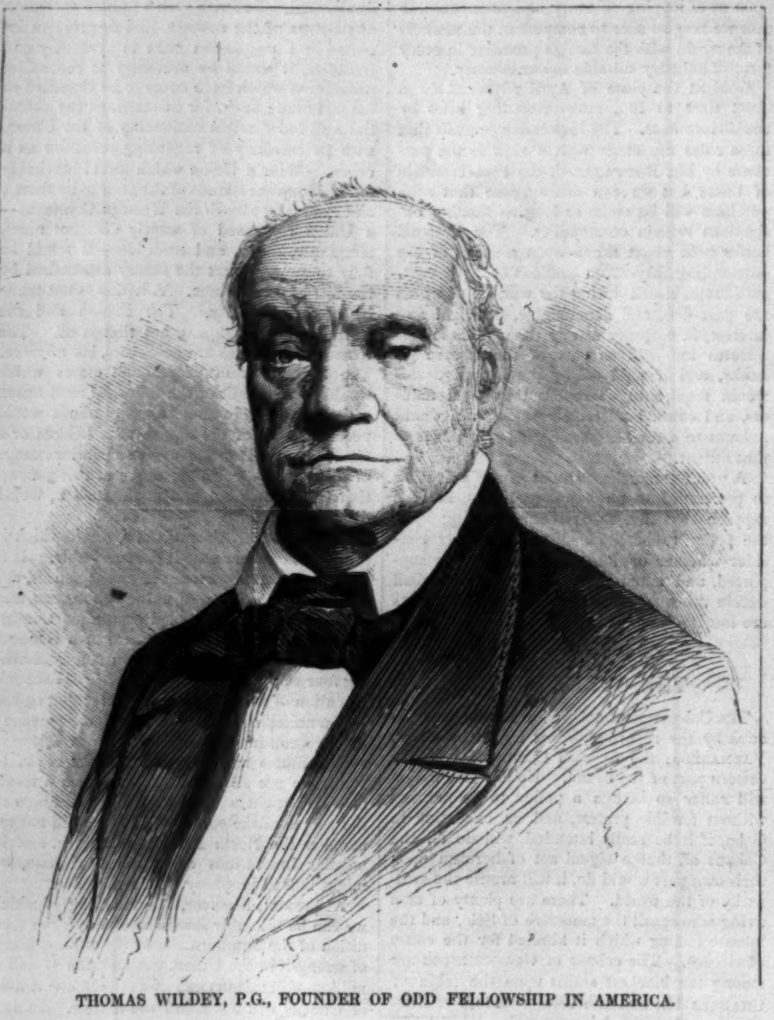
It is reported that the Spaniards have captured and executed the revolutionary Governor of Cinco Villas in Cuba.

The Russian Government is persevering in the line of moderate and judicious progress. The Council of State is devising means for enlarging the powers of the local municipalities, and the Press Laws are to be modified in a liberal sense.

From advices lately received it would appear that Lopez is being enthusiastically supported by his subjects, and that his cause is not so desperate as has been believed.

In the year 1850 Europe was estimated to consume 1,300,000,000 centners of coal—the centner being 110¼ pounds. In 1867 the consumption was reckoned at 3,000,000,000 centners, or more than double the former quantity.

THE "ODD FELLOWS" SEMI-CENTENNIAL.



THOMAS WILDEY, P.G., FOUNDER OF ODD FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of the Order of Odd Fellows into America was celebrated on April 26th throughout the country. But the grand celebration of this occasion took place in Philadelphia. A procession of members of the Order, estimated as numbering 25,000, in full regalia, passed through the principal streets to the Music Hall. Our illustration on this page shows this procession as it passed "Odd Fellows" Hall. This hall occupies the site of the old Abolition Hall, burned down a number of years since. Arriving at Music Hall, which was beautifully and expensively decorated for the occasion, a hymn was sung, and an oration delivered by Hon. HENRY F. GAREY, of Baltimore, Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States. In referring to the pageant of the day he said: Our numbers and position fully justify this demonstration; we act directly upon a population of two millions; our territory equals the dimensions of the United States; our treasury and sub-treasuries have an annual income and expenditure exceeding revenues of duchies and principalities; we have archives in which our proceedings are recorded and preserved, and public printers who stereotype them for posterity. He then referred to the Order in 1819, after briefly passing in review other temporary events. On the 13th of April Messrs. JOHN WELCH, JOHN DUNCAN, JOHN CHEATHAM, and RICHARD RUSHWORTH assembled at the dwelling of THOMAS WILDEY, in Baltimore, and arranged the preliminaries which resulted in the institution of Washington Lodge No. 1 on the 26th day of April, 1819. The name Odd Fellow was brought by them from England. English laborers and mechanics, meeting after the toils of the day, formed convivial parties, then personal friendships, and last by their payment of a penny a week provided for their poorer associates, especially to defray funeral expenses and provide for their widows and orphans. In February of the same year, when the body named Past Grands having assembled, the charter of Washington Lodge No. 1 of Maryland and the United States was surrendered to them, and the scattered fragments united for the common good. A table of statistics lately prepared exhibits the progress of the Order from 1830 to 1868, both included. Prior to 1830 no reliable record was kept of its proceedings, but subsequently a system was adopted to preserve its annals in official form. It appears from that record that in thirty-nine years, ending with September, 1868, six hundred and twenty thousand one hundred and six persons were initiated; fifty-seven thousand five hundred and three widowed families succored; and four hundred and ninety-six thousand five hundred and seventy-nine brothers in distress assisted. The summary of relief exhibits the following expenditures: Two hundred and fifty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight dollars to educate orphans; one million six hundred and eighty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-two dollars for the burial of the dead; and nine millions seven hundred and ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars as benefits to brothers in misfortune, making the total paid for relief eleven millions six hundred and forty-nine thousand seven hundred and nine dollars, the whole revenue in that period being thirty-one millions two hundred and forty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty dollars.

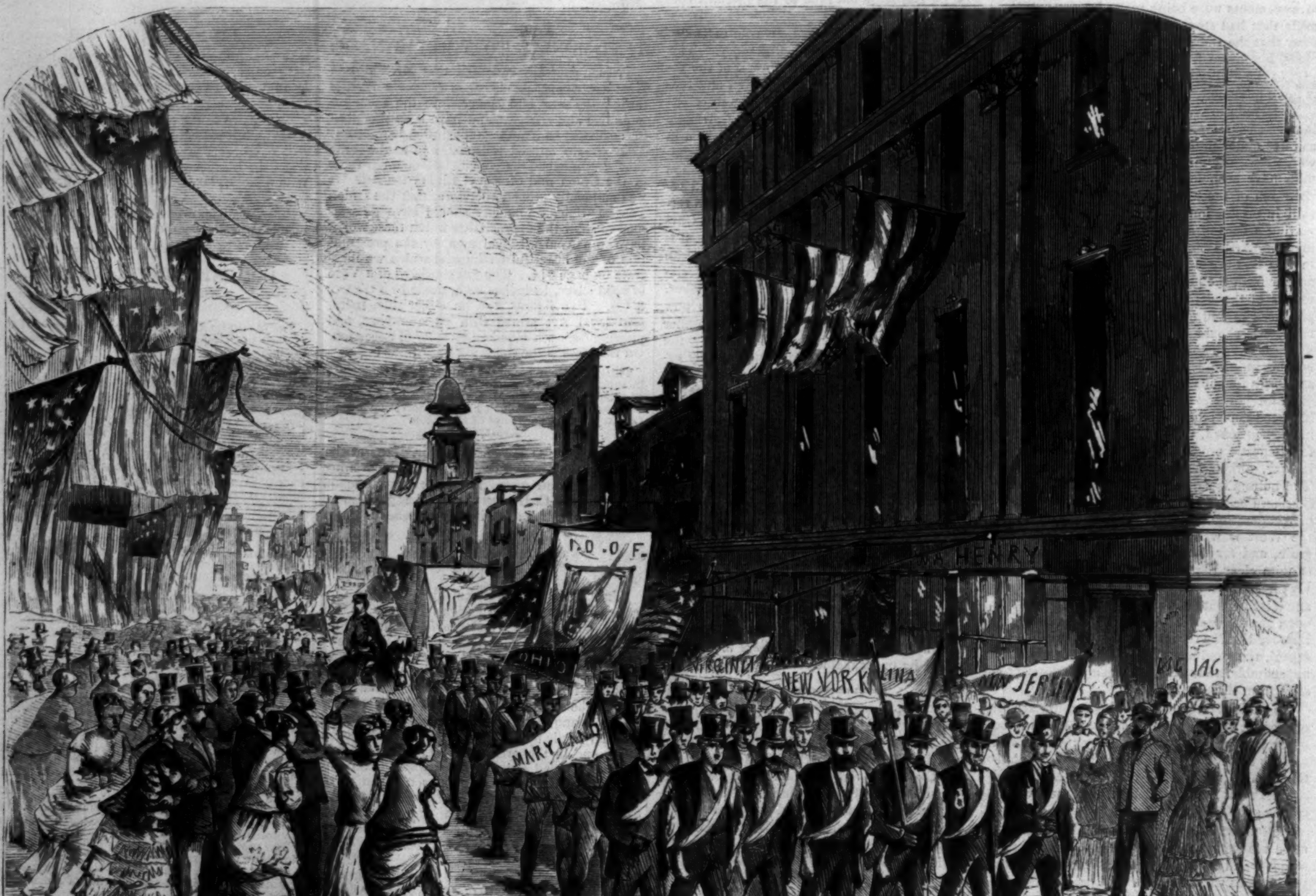
A poem was read from the pen of BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER. After the closing of these exercises a levee was held in the hall.

We give, also, in this connection a portrait of THOMAS WILDEY, P.G., the founder of the Order of Odd Fellows in America. He was born in London, January 15, 1783, during the reign of GEORGE III. He received a limited education, and at fourteen was apprenticed to a trade. He arrived at Baltimore September 2, 1817. Here he instituted the Washington Lodge in 1819, the first lodge established in this country. He was for two terms Grand Sire of the Order. He died in 1861, and shortly afterward a magnificent monument was erected in Baltimore to his memory by the Order.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

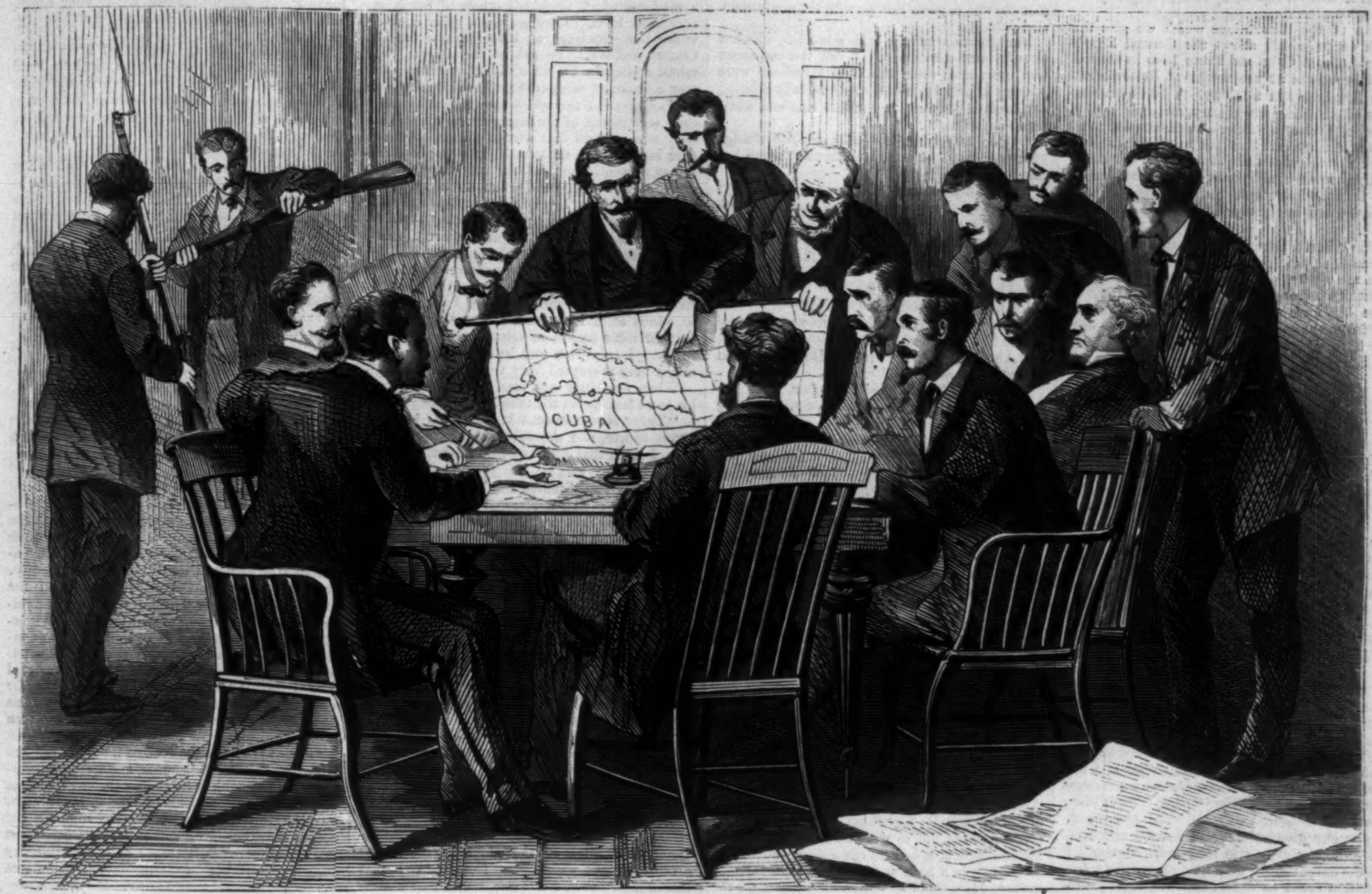
ON the 28th of April the National Sunday-School Convention assembled in the First Baptist Church at Newark, New Jersey. The delegates, from all parts of the Union, numbered about six hundred at the opening session. The first Convention of this nature was held in New York in 1832. A second was held in Philadelphia in 1859. The third is the one alluded to in this article. In this Convention GEORGE H. STUART, of Philadelphia, was chosen President. A portion of the exercises were devotional; and a large number of addresses were made by the most prominent of the delegates present from this country, and also by reverend gentlemen from abroad.

It has been the custom for some time for women to press their claims upon every national convention, and it is not surprising, therefore, that upon the second day of the Convention the inevitable lady gained the stage. This was Mrs. JEANETTE P. HEATH, of Kansas. She mounted the platform and was presented to the audience amidst much cheering. She was dressed in deep black, and presented a face beaming with Christian charity and kindness. She spoke in a clear though tremulous voice, and said that she waited throughout the first day of the Convention ex-



SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE "ODD FELLOWS," PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA—THE PROCESSION PASSING "ODD FELLOWS" HALL.

[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



THE CENTRAL REPUBLICAN JUNTA OF CUBA AND PORTO RICO IN SESSION AT NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

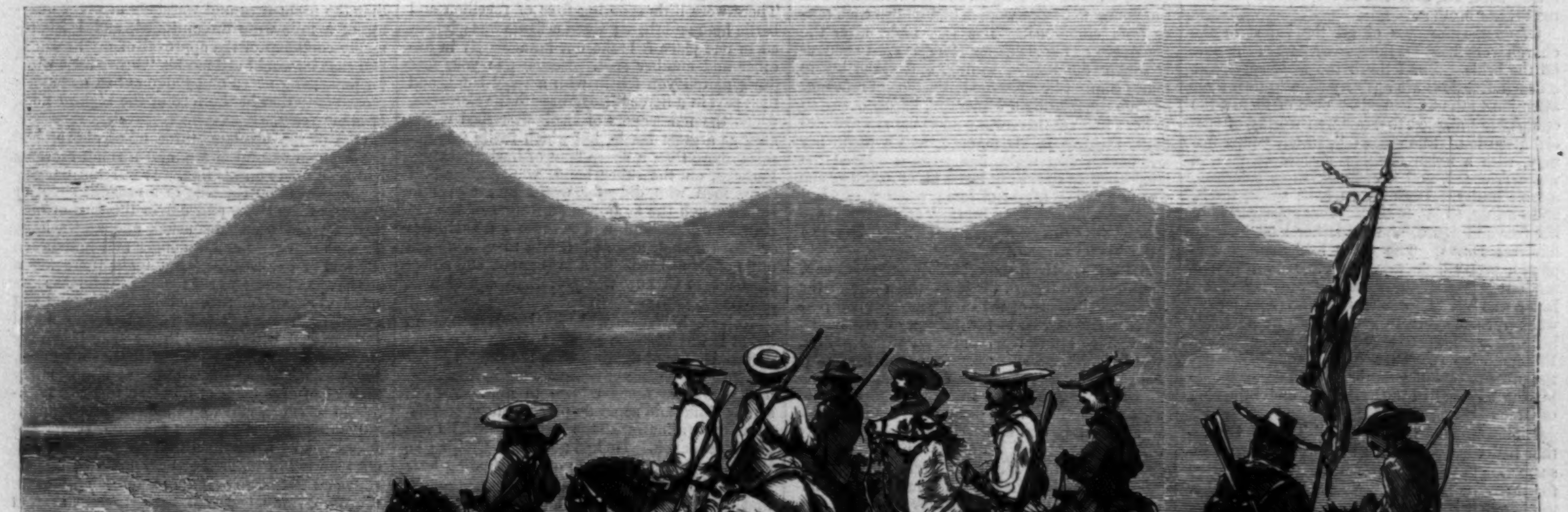
pecting every moment to see some one pop up to represent Kansas, but looked in vain. Now she felt that somebody should say a word for that magnificent spot, and she felt diffident as well as joyful in being that somebody. She expressed her regret that women had not been selected as a part of that organization. HENRY WARD BEECHER also addressed the Convention in his usually happy style. He was followed by Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun. In the evening session an address was delivered by ex-Senator FRELINGHUYSEN, of New Jersey. The Convention sat during three days.

CUBA.

THE situation in Cuba at the present moment is one which it is almost impossible to exactly comprehend. On the one side, taking the Cuban accounts, it would appear that the enthusiasm of the rebels was never greater than it is now; while the Spanish statements which we read make the cause of the insurgents seem absolutely hopeless.

It seems probable, however, that the Spaniards have really been gaining ground, and that the new reinforcements which they have received have told with great effect against the insurrection. We have hitherto alluded to the cruelty of the Spanish soldiery in their treatment of prisoners—whether political or those reduced to the last extremity on the battle-field. This general policy is still continued. Count VALMASEDA, commanding the Spanish forces in the Eastern Department, recently issued a proclamation ordering every native male over fifteen years of age found away from his residence without sufficient cause to be executed; every uninhabited dwelling and every inhabited dwelling not protected by the white flag to be reduced to ashes; and all women away from their houses to be brought by force to Bayamo or Jiguani.

These orders indicate two things: first, that such severity seems necessary on account of the persistence of the patriots; and, second, that the Spaniards are confident of their ability to enforce them, and have no fear of retaliation. But this severity elicits the sympathy of foreign nations, and thus helps prolong the rebellion. Mexico, through her Congress, has recently authorized President JUAREZ to recognize the Cubans as belligerents; and ere long, if the insurrection lasts, this course will be followed by the



CUBAN PARTISAN RANGERS.

South American republics, and, perhaps, by our own government.

One of the illustrations which we give this week on page 309 shows the Central Republican Junta of Cuba and Porto Rico in council, in their rooms at the corner of Rector Street and Broadway, in this city. This Junta consists of a President, Secretary, etc., and is composed of twelve members. From this body emanates all authoritative power so far as New York city is concerned; it regulates the examination of arms, raises troops, prepares them for the field, and issues all commissions. Branch societies are being organized in all our large cities.

Our other illustration represents a body of Cuban Partisan Rangers. Every where these men spring up, as if out of the ground, like MARION'S men in our Revolution. Many of those who have gone from this country to join the insurgents were soldiers in our late war, and have already gained distinction on Cuban battle-fields.

EMILIA CZERNOWITZ.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

THE marriage of Edith Stanton to Henry Wigram was one of the grand events of a New York season. It took place at Grace Church; and so many people were anxious to be present that it was found necessary to limit the admissions strictly and rigidly to those who came provided with cards of invitation. If I had only a gift of brilliant description in the matter of ladies' dresses and fashionable ceremonials I might make quite a magnificent scene out of this gorgeous wedding. But I have no such gift, and if I were to attempt painting the picture I should be sure to illustrate only my own ignorance and stupidity. I should be describing ceremonies which never could have taken place, and clothing fair ladies in the most incongruous and impossible garments manufactured out of inconceivable materials. Reminiscences of Camacha's wedding would be intruding upon Grace Church, New York; and Fifth Avenue belles would as likely as not be made to figure in dresses which were going out of fashion in the younger days of Mary Wortley Montagu. To me the whole scene seemed just one glowing mass of flowers and laces and glittering gems and long hair. I think it was the finest thing I ever saw, except the transformation scene in a first-class London pantomime.

Edith Stanton was the daughter of a wealthy merchant who had a great mansion on Murray Hill. Henry Wigram, the bridegroom, was the chief representative of a long-established Wall Street firm. He was immensely rich, and had been building for his bride quite a new palace in Fifth Avenue. Yet he really was a good fellow, although he was so rich—even his poor friends admitted that; and his bride Edith was a very good girl. I believe these fashionable marriages do sometimes turn out well, although, of course, it is hard for us, poorer Christians, to admit such a possibility. This marriage, at least, has thus far turned out well; but even if it did not, our chief concern just now is not with the bride and bridegroom, but with one of the bridemaids and the bride's brother.

Of course the eyes of all the ladies in the church were fixed for the greater part of the time on the bride. But I think the male spectators on such occasions are apt very soon to turn their attention to the bridemaids. One of them—the one already alluded to—was well worthy of special attention. She was a tall, stately young woman, with a noble Grecian outline of face, a white forehead, and a complexion of colorless, marble purity. Dark brown hair, short, thick, and curling, added to the striking appearance of her face and figure, and made her look like the huntress Diana. The other bridemaid was a plump, pretty little thing—a pleasant girl, who reminded one somehow of a pouter pigeon. This latter was one of the belles of New York; and, whenever she chose to be married, would bring her successful wooer a marriage portion fit for a Russian princess. The other bridemaid—the living presentation of a marble Diana—was probably the poorest girl then standing under the roof of Grace Church.

Emilia Czernowitz was a Polish girl. Her father had been one of the exiles of the great insurrection of the last generation, and he had lived for many years in Paris, where Emilia and her mother had lately been trying to make a living by teaching the piano. When the Stantons were spending a year or two in Europe Edith met the young Polish girl at several houses where Emilia taught, and she took a strong liking to her. At this time Emilia's father was dead, and it so happened that while the Stantons were in Paris the poor girl's mother died too. Then the Stantons, filled with kindness and pity, took bodily possession of the girl, and made her one of their family whether she would or not, and brought her off to the United States with them; and now she stood a sad and beautiful bridemaid at the wedding of her dearest friend. Sad, in spite of her best efforts and her better self; sad, although she sincerely rejoiced in the happiness of her friend; sad, because she could not but feel that life would no longer be the same to her when Edith had left the Stanton household. Remain an inmate of the household any longer Emilia had resolved that she would not and could not. Edith and her husband were going to Europe, and they would take Emilia with them, and, according to her own urgent wish, help her to settle in Paris or London and teach music in schools and play the piano at concerts. The Stantons had very much wished that, if she would insist on thus earning her own living, she should do so in New York, where their friendship and influence could help her. But she was firmly resolved not to remain in New York, and it was therefore arranged that she was to go to Europe with the newly-married pair.

Paul Stanton was the bride's brother, who has already been mentioned. When the ceremony was over, and while the congratulations were pouring in and the crowd was gradually pouring out, he found his way to Emilia's side and whispered in her ear:

"Once more, Emilia—will you not change your purpose?" And he contrived to touch her hand appealingly.

She did not venture to look round at him, but kept her eyes fixed on the ground; and she spoke in words that sounded sometimes like French literally translated:

"No, M. Paul. Impossible that I should change."

"Then you will leave me?"

"I must leave you, M. Paul."

"But why—why Emilia? Do you not care for me?"

"Ah, Paul, you are cruel! Do not demand of me such a question!"

And the girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Then why leave me? Why persist in going away?"

"Because I will not be guilty of treason to your good and noble parents. Because you know they would be unhappy if you do not marry the rich Mademoiselle Vining" (the other bridemaid), "and it would perhaps bring a quarrel. When your parents and your sister took me by the hand—me, a poor orphan, homeless—and brought me to their home and made me of their family, did they believe I would repay them by robbing them of their son? No; and they had reason! Oh, Paul! do not urge me any more—I must go, and I will!"

"Then that is your last answer, Emilia?"

"Yes, M. Paul."

"And we must part forever?"

"We must part—forever—or until we can meet as friends!"

She put out her hand gently to meet his. But the young man did not take it, almost repelled it, and turned away and lost himself in the crowd.

Paul Stanton was a young man of ardent, passionate nature, inclined to extravagance in every thing. When he threw his soul into business speculation he did so with an energy worthy of Fisk of Erie. When he chose to spend money he spent it in a fashion that might have satisfied the late Marquis of Hastings. So when, for the first time in his life, he fell in love he loved with a genuine passion worthy of the grand old romantic times when a disappointed love was the withering of a whole life. Perhaps if Emilia had known how fervent and how enduring was the love he felt for her, not all her sense of gratitude and duty to his family would have been strong enough to induce her to reject that love. But she felt satisfied that her affection for him was the deeper and stronger of the two, and that on her would fall the heavier burden of renunciation. So she held to her purpose, and she sailed for Europe.

It was quite true that there was an unspoken, common family understanding that Paul Stanton was to marry Miss Vining. The families were bound together by long and firm friendship, and the young man and woman had known each other from childhood. The very night after the departure of his sister for Europe Paul suddenly sought out Sophia Vining, and asked her to marry him. She consented; the idea of refusing, or even considering the question, hardly occurred to her; and yet there was something strange, defiant, reckless in his manner, which made her ask herself that night, and when it seemed too late, whether she really loved him; whether she was not rather afraid of him; whether she had done right in accepting him. "If 'twere to give again," says the perplexed voter in *Coriolanus;* "but 'tis no matter!"

All this occurred some half dozen years ago. Paul had served with distinction in some of the earlier campaigns of the civil war, and had rendered great service in the raising of regiments. He had returned from the field wounded, not long before his sister's marriage; and his family were then very anxious that he should not return to active service. But they soon began to wish that he were back again with his regiment, or engaged in any earnest honorable pursuit to which he could give his heart. For a complete change now took place in him. He became moody, fierce, capricious; he plunged occasionally into wild fits of an entirely unwonted dissipation; he used to leave his home without explanation, and go for weeks and weeks campaigning in the Adirondacks, or hunting in the far Western plains, or any where. His betrothed bride became alarmed at his ways, and heartily sick of the engagement; and at last she frankly told both her own mother and his that she now believed she never had loved him—that she certainly did not love him now. And accordingly the match was suddenly broken off, and there was a scandal; and people said Paul Stanton was a scoundrel, which he most assuredly was not—only a young man consumed by a love so genuine, deep, and passionate that in the New York of our day it was an utter anomaly and anachronism apparently: and people no more sought for such an explanation of Paul's conduct than they would have looked for a Simon Stylites on Murray Hill, or a Savonarola in Grace Church, wherein I think people are much apt to blunder; for the one reality in life, outlasting all change, and unaffected by any climate or condition, is human passion.

One day there came a letter from Edith Wigram, still in Paris:

"I am deeply sorry to tell you, mamma," said one paragraph in it, "that a new and a great rebellion has broken out in Poland. You will wonder why I am specially sorry for this. Well, because Emilia Czernowitz has been seized with a madness which possessed others of her countrywomen here. They got up a great concert, under the patronage of Prince Napoleon and Count Walewski, in aid of the Poles; they raised money for the relief of the wounded; and now a dozen or more of them have actually gone off to Cracow, from which they intend to make their way to one of the insurgent camps and act as nurses, and all that sort of thing. Did you ever hear of such madness? It is not like acting as nurses in our war, for they have no hospitals and no appliances—and no army, I am afraid, poor things!—and these unfortunate girls are sure to be captured; and they say the Russians are as cruel to women as they are to men! Is it not dreadful? Nothing could stop her. I said to her she would never return alive; and you should have seen the sad, sad look on her face when she answered, 'And if I do not want to return alive?' Indeed, I have long thought that for some reason or other she really wishes to die. I only wish you had been here. You might have prevented her; we could not."

When the letter was read to Paul he struck his hand heavily on the table, and exclaimed:

"There is one woman in the world who deserves to live, and she only wants to die! Mother, I loved that girl, and by Heaven I'll go to her!"

Next day Paul Stanton left New York for Europe, hardly saying a farewell to any one save his father and mother. Not many days elapsed before he burst in upon his astonished sister in Paris, and demanded of her some clew to Emilia. Then for the first time his sister learned the depth and power of his love. But she could give him little guidance toward the finding of Emilia. The Polish girl had gone to Cracow—that was all Edith Wigram knew. Emilia had promised to write, but had not yet written.

Paul sped on to Cracow. He found the town literally swarming with a new and perpetually increasing population of enthusiastic Poles, philo-Poles of all nationalities, strangers in search of excitement, newspaper correspondents, and all that miscellaneous indescribable mass of adventurers always to be found hovering on the "rough edge of battle." Perhaps it may be well to remind my readers that Cracow is in Austrian Poland; that Austria, in the early part of the recent insurrection, showed a strong inclination to wink at the mustering of rebels against Russia within her frontier, and that therefore Cracow was for a considerable time the rendezvous, camping-ground, and city of refuge of the insurgents. Gallant, reckless bands of young Poles streamed out of Cracow and across the Russian frontier morning after morning, night after night. Decimated, defeated, bleeding bands of fugitives too often returned to seek a refuge there.

Paul could not discover any thing of Emilia in Cracow beyond the fact that a number of devoted young women were believed to have succeeded in joining one of the insurgent camps as nurses. Paul attached himself as volunteer to a little motley band made up of many nations, which was about to cross the frontier, and go in search of the insurrection. I purposely use the phrase "in search of the insurrection." There were no great camps and no pitched battles. There were little spouting fires of rebellion and battle here and there; when a flame was quenched in one place it broke out immediately in another and another spot. Perhaps in your first day's march you fell in with a rebel band, and took part in a fierce little fight with the Cossacks, which the newspapers of Paris described weeks after as a great battle, but which really was nothing more than a sharp bout of bushwhacking. Perhaps, on the other hand, you wandered—I know men who did—for weeks and weeks in vain through the swamps and forests of the old Kingdom of Poland, and never saw a camp-fire or heard a shot, and at last had to give up the futile effort at becoming a belligerent, and straggle back to Cracow weary of limb and sick at heart.

Not so, however, with Paul. His star no doubt it was which led him at once to the war-path. He found fighting from the first, and his previous experience of campaigning in American forests was of much service to him. He did some skillful and some desperate things, and became quite a hero with the band to which he was chiefly attached. He had not found Emilia; he began to give up all hope of ever finding her; but he had a fierce, wild delight in the thought that his life was daily and nightly risked in the cause of her people.

One day the little band to which he clung was surprised, attacked, and scattered by a considerable body of Russians. Paul and two of his comrades were wounded and made prisoners. Many of the Poles were killed; the rest contrived to disperse in the woods and escape. Paul and his companions, weary and bleeding as they were, had to tramp along through miles and miles of forest. At nightfall the Russians were preparing for a bivouac among the trees, when, to their utter amazement, a whole mass of insurgents, principally armed with the terrible scythe, swept down upon them. The Russians were cut up and driven every way, but of course the insurgents ventured on no pursuit. Paul and his comrades were eagerly welcomed by the rebel leaders.

"You are wounded and tired," said one of those who spoke French fit for the Faubourg Saint Germain; "and I am glad we have fallen in with you. We have quite a tolerable encampment not far off—and you will have a welcome there, for we have all heard of the gallant American who has done so much for us. How long we shall be able to remain there Heaven only knows—and how long our cause can hold out, *helas*, Heaven too can only tell. But you shall have at least a few hours' rest with us; and we are happy to have with us just now some brave Polish ladies who will see to your hurts, and nurse you while we are allowed to keep together."

The sudden wild excitement of hope which these last words produced was too much for Paul Stanton just then. He fell on the earth in a faint.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on a bed made of leaves and grass and a cloak or two, and Emilia Czernowitz was kneeling beside him and gazing down upon him.

We need not follow the flickering and fading fortunes of the rebellion. Even at this time it was utterly hopeless; and it was not long before the secret chiefs of the movement gave the *mot d'ordre* for a general dispersing and *sauve qui peut.* Paul and Emilia were fortunate enough to meet again safely in Cracow—and they were married there, and he brought home his wife to a family in New York who had long mourned him as lost, and now welcomed him as if he were a son risen from the dead.

A MISSISSIPPI NIGHT.

OUR home was on the Louisiana or western shore of the great river, and the mansion was a mile or more from the negro quarters of the large plantation.

My husband was absent on business in New Orleans, and had not returned when the prolonged rains of that autumn began. As the rain-storm was a general one, extending through States far to the north, the Father of Waters began to rise with more than ordinary rapidity. From the upper porches and windows of the house I could plainly see the vast volume of yellow water as it widened over the opposite Mississippi flats, where there was no levee. The quantities of drift-wood coming down, and the peculiar way in which the river seemed convex and clear of drift in the middle, while the apparently lower margins were thick with the spoils of the forest, showed me that it was still swelling to a higher rise, and was a veritable flood. When the stream is falling the suck of the lower current draws the drift to the middle, and keeps the portion next the bank quite clear. But at that time the main channel was only marked by the smooth, waveless rush of the muddy tide, and the ear caught only that low growl of the relentless giant asking for its ocean bride. I at once summoned every available person on the estate, and made the details to build fires at intervals on our levee, so as to keep watch all night. Also directed the gangs with spades and axes to be ready for any break on our front, or any call for aid from neighboring plantations. Every precaution seemed to have been taken which was necessary for safety. Low places had been elevated, washed places mended, and points where the current set with great power had been strengthened by felled timber. At one point, just above the house, which seemed to have been the old channel, the river made a great bend, and the sullen water met the obstructing shore with a defiant lash of its yellow, glassy rollers, and then turned away to its open course. This point had been strengthened by a double thickness of embankment and by piles lined with heavy timber.

Two days went by, and all seemed so secure that the night-fires and watchers at every quarter of a mile were discontinued, and I felt serenely confident of the approval of my husband, and that he would call me his "brave little wife" for possessing nerve and judgment to manage a great plantation in the face of the highest flood of many years.

One of the planters, three miles above, had not been so careful as we, and a small crevasse had been made on his line. It was not dangerous, as it was on the side of a straight shoot or current of the river, and not in the face of one. Still, we did what was usual, and sent a large force to prevent possible danger and inundation of some of our lands. That night there was a bright moonlight, and the most of the house-servants had asked and received permission to attend a dance at the "quarters." Thus it was that I went to bed with no one in the house save my old colored servant, who had once been my nurse, and was now fifty years old. It is customary with us to give titles of affection to these faithful old servants, and we called her Aunt Sarah.

It must have been about midnight that I was awakened by a harsh, grinding sound. It was not loud but deep, as if some Titanic mill of the gods had chosen to grind up a forest for a grist. I arose in my bed and listened, and at first thought my husband was come, and it was the sound of wheels on the gravel. But it was too deep and heavy for that; and then he could not easily land with the water so high. Then I began to distinguish a more gentle sound, like the half-subdued wash of water, or the soft lap of a tide upon a beach. As the horn had not been blown as a signal of danger, and I could not hear the loud negro chorus, which betokened a battle with the river, I concluded that the most of it was imagination, and lay down again, intending to dismiss the mystery in sleep. Just then I heard the feet of Aunt Sarah on the stairs, not as usual, but as if her shoes had water in them.

As she came into the room I detected the *drip, drip*, on the carpet. I sprang up and exclaimed, "What does this mean?" Her voice was soothing as when I was a fretful child, as she replied, "'Fore Gracious, I's sorry to come on de nice carpet wid my wet close! but scuse me dis time."

As she lighted the burners I saw that she was wet and dripping to the waist. I was out of bed in a moment, and asked anxiously, 'Why, my dear old nurse, where have you been? Did you go to the levee and slip in the water?"

She proceeded to stir up the fire, and arrange my clothes for me to dress, as she said, "Jest look out the window, mistress."

As I threw up the sash, and stepped out into the wide upper veranda, I thought I saw what had happened in a moment. It was evident that the swollen stream had received some new accession of volume from some of its great upper feeders—perhaps from the Missouri, with its springs under the arches of the sunset. Then, coming down like a vast tidal wave, it had overleaped all artificial barriers. It was the crushing and splintering of the massive timber breast-work that I had heard at first. Every where around me the moonbeams glittered on the ripple of the yellow water, while trees, buildings, and fences stood out of the shiny surface, and cast delicate shadows upon it. Every cloud had passed from heaven, and the serene blue, with its calm stars, was quiet and holy. The illumined water was beautiful, and seemed so gentle and harmless that I only felt mortified because my husband would know that the Mississippi had defeated his wife. The negroes who were near at hand were crowding on the unbroken part of the levee, some mile above, and I could see their dark forms relieved against the glare of the fire they were building. As I saw the women and children and cattle, slowly moving up the broad embankment to safer ground, I felt that no great loss was likely to occur, and so said to Aunt Sarah, who had silently joined me with a shawl. She looked at me a moment, and said, "You won't be scared?"

"No," said I, "for I should rather like it were it not for the loss to my husband, and the wetting to you. How did you get wet?"

She answered, "I went out wid a hoe when I see the ribber gittin up, but it come too strong, an' like to washed me away. I couldn't find de horn to blow for de quarter peoples."

"You foolish old woman," said I. "Never try to mend a break by yourself. But as you are safe I don't mind the crevasse."

She was silent for a little while, and then said, "My lamb, dis is no crevasse; dis is a *cut-off*."

"Are you dreaming?" said I, with a laugh that was mixed with a vague terror.

She pointed to the timbered land back of the garden, where I could see that the rippling water, of only two or three feet depth, that lay around the house changed to a deeper and more rapid current. "Look at dem trees leanin' ober," said she. "Dare, two of 'em goes down."

I felt my heart stand still, and my limbs tremble as I looked, and comprehended the worst. On each side of the swift path of the water the giant oaks, with their hoary beards of gray moss, were leaning together over the mid-current, and as she spoke two went down with a splash. Perhaps a thousand years before that had been the old channel of the river. Some raft or drift of a million interlocked trees had checked the rush of some past flood, and the retarded waters had whirled away to cut a new channel around the elbow of some twenty miles. Centuries had passed—mould had covered the sand and mud on the raft. Oaks and tall magnolias had taken root down as they grew up; and for half a century man had locked out the annual flood with huge bars of earth, and, redeeming the virgin mould from nature, had built his home, and gathered that richer "golden fleece" than Jason dreamed of. Now the autocrat river claimed its ancient bed, and swept down with its hoarse rebuke to the forest and to man. Our home stood directly in the old path, and the leaning and falling trees showed how terribly sure was the great plow making its furrow. Nature had harnessed the Mississippi.

Aunt Sarah was perfectly calm as she said: "Now you is looked enough. Get all de warm dresses an' jewelry an' some blankets, while I puts on dry close an' gets an axe."

"An axe," said I; "what for?"

"To prize up the porch floor an' make a raft, my precious. Dis house will wash away by daybreak."

I saw that too, and hesitation and delay were over. My husband's valuable papers were first secured, and then clothing, money, plate, and jewelry. By the time I had begun to roll up blankets Aunt Sarah was in warm, dry clothes, and I heard the crash, as her strong arm smote down doors and window-blinds, and soon began to cut and pry at the long, narrow planks of the veranda floor. I brought an iron bar from the tool-room on the first-floor, and by our united strength we overcame the tenacious nails, and stripped up board after board. A few blows on the lower ceiling made a hole, and we dropped them through, where they lay almost on a level with the water. I never knew before that I was so strong when excited, and the soreness and blistered hands were not thought of till the next day. Still it was my old nurse who thought of every thing, and talked to me in her queer way, as if I was still her child. There were some large and massive French bedsteads in the sleeping-rooms on the first-floor, and by our united strength we turned them edgeways and pushed them through the windows that opened to the veranda floor. While the stout old woman arranged the long boards across them, I was sent to the store of farm implements in the building, and told to bring every rope and plow-line and ball of twine I could find. These were abundant, and the boards were woven together like the bottom of a huge basket, and laced to the sides and ends of the bedsteads. Then we tied strong cords for cables, and rolled them off into the water. They dipped down and were wet, but that did not matter, so they floated again. We got the two side and side and securely fastened together; then doors and window-shutters were laid on or tied up for sides; and finally cotton mattresses were put on to keep us above the water. Then came trunks and blankets, and when we had all that it was safe to take, or that was at once small and valuable, we paused to see if our peril grew. The yard fence, not one hundred yards away, was leaning on the verge of some unseen gulf, and the oaks for half a mile wide were all gone. It was their splash we had heard as we worked. We had no oars, nor skill to use them if we had, and the best poles we could find for pushing were the long, slender canes used for fishing. Then came a supply of food and candles; and as the lull followed the heat and excitement of labor, the terror of the inexorable river and of our frail raft *would* come and make the heart sick.

We had no time to delay. By means of poles and ropes we managed to push and warp the clumsy raft around the corner of the house, and then tried to make it float up into the elbow, where the *cut-off* was not likely to follow us. We got a little ways, but the *suck* of the current was too strong for us. So we tied up to a crape-myrtle, and waited for the crumbling bank to reach us. The moon went down, and there were only the silent stars above the low monotone of the waters.

Silently we waited and prayed. We were warm and dry, as only the bottom mattresses became soaked. About the break of day the house began to lean. The negroes on the levee had retreated from the widening river, and their fire been submerged. As the sun arose the house slid slowly into the stream. We could hear the crash as the chimneys tore out of the timbers and sank, and then it floated away, slanting in the water, and little to be seen but the rent roof. Once or twice it grounded, or caught on snags in the bottom, and then hurried down out of sight. The power of the water was making fierce tugs at our hempen rope, and it was soon broken. Two or three times we slowly rotated in the side eddy, and then, as if caught by some unseen hand, we shot out into mid-stream. That was well for us, as we avoided the falling timber of the still widening banks, and also the worst of the hurrying drift. Steam would not have taken us faster, and in less than an hour, we, two women on a raft, were out on the broad bosom of the Mississippi.

The night was over, but not the peril. As our raft was buoyant we were only shaken, but not sucked down by the whirlpools. We had lights to prevent the danger of being run over by steamboats at night, and on that great highway we were sure of being soon picked up. There were barns, fragments of fences, and sometimes mills and small houses floating down; but it was noon before we saw any human being. Then a fine boat came breasting the current, and while we were half a mile away, in the dead water near a swamp, they saw our table-cloth on a cane, which was our signal. They took us for negroes, and, hailing us as such, bade us take care of ourselves, but made no pause. Sick enough at heart were we as the white jets of her steam escapes faded out of sight up the stream. There was a fair prospect of floating all night near enough the swamp for snakes and wild-cats to swim to us, or of hurrying down the current to unseen perils. One more boat passed us, and seemed not to see our signal against the background of gray moss. I cried like a baby, and Aunt Sarah tried to console me. It was nearly night when a great steamer passed up on the other side, but the people seemed to see us. Suddenly the roar of her whistle came across the mile of flood, and she slowly rounded toward us like a huge white swan. She had to follow us a little down stream, but when salvation was sure I must have fainted. I think I was a little conscious of the jar as we touched her sides, and of being lifted by strong arms. The first I heard was a well-known and loved voice, saying, "Mary, my own wife, don't you know me?" Faithful Sarah was dancing for joy, and telling every body of the providence which made the two boats pass by, but stopped the one which held my anxious husband. That was years ago.

Aunt Sarah received her freedom and that of her family, but has never left me. She is never more pleased than when she can gather children or grown people to listen to the marvels of a Mississippi night.

SUNSHINE.

LITTLE buds, little buds, toss your heads—
Toss your heads, little truculent buds!
Rise up, pretty lilies, look out of your beds,
And welcome the sunshine in floods!
How softly uncloses
Each innocent daisy!
Now roses, now roses!
You must not be lazy;
The beautiful sunshine
Is shining for you—
Unfurl your bright petals,
And laugh at the dew.

Hawthorn hedges, break out in a breath,
With your delicate bouquets of snow;
Start up, little thorns, with your promise of death,
Keep guard on the treasure below!
Their blossoms of beauty
The fruit-trees must scatter;
They've done their bright duty,
So what does it matter?
They laugh with delight,
As they flutter away,
To see little berries
Peep out at the day!

Royal sunshine, be trusty and true;
Pour your golden enchantment on all!
We spring into life for the worship of you—
Be ready to answer our call!
No whimsical hiding,
No clouds fling before you:
'Tis *you* we take pride in,
'Tis *we* must adore you!
What creatures would scatter
Their beauty and grace,
For a king who refuses
A glimpse of his face?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE MARKETS.—Ladies' Hair has an *upward* tendency!

FOR PAWNBROKERS.—When you "pop" the question is it necessary to pledge your troth?

Can the feet of an Irish pig be called bog-trotters?

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long, and so thick you could not see the sun through it.

"Don't believe it," was the reply.

"Wa'al," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you; so to please you I'll take off a quarter of a mile in the thinnest part."

A Trinity College (Dublin) man was talking the other day upon the small value attached to life by uncivilized nations. Somebody remarked that in China, if a man were condemned to death, he could easily hire a substitute to die for him. "Ah, yes," said T. C. D., "I believe many poor fellows get their living by being substitutes that way."

"Wake up here and pay for your lodging," said a deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with a contribution box.

A DEBATE ON THE CONSTITUTION—A consultation with a physician!

A lady living in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes-pin under her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her she puts it on his nose, then sleeps in peace.

There is no harm in a glass of whisky—if you allow it to remain in the glass.

FAYMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY DENNIS O'RAFFERTY.

Och, he is a baaste who opposes the right
Of a faymale to vote wheniver she plazes;
For mesilf I look forth to the day wid delight,
When the polls will appear like a meadow of daisies.

I said to me Kathleen, when from the convintion
She came wid a beautiful smile on her face,
Ye'll soon be a lady, and ivery attention
Be shown yees by those who have power and place.

Mrs. Gunnybags thin on yerself will be dotin,
And axin yees up to her house, never fear;
And thin in her carriage, when faymales are votin,
Ye'll sit by her side, och! Kathleen, me dear.

It is said that this life, afther all, is a bubble,
But not so to me, a thrue son of the sod;
For the years have been joyous, and free from all throuble,
While mixin the mortar and carryin me hod.

And I am not jealous, oh no, not at all,
But welcome from Erin each strong-minded daughter,
To climb up the ladders and walk on the wall,
And share all the joys of the brick and the mortar.

"Is my face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt while seated at the dinner-table on a steamboat running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty! No. Why did you ask?" "Because the insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes round he puts another one before me."

When a promise is *binding*, is it Russia Leather or Morocco?

Adam and Eve escaped two serious annoyances of modern lovers. In the first place, Eve had no mamma to make judicious inquiries as to Adam's social position and prospects of patrimony; and Adam had no "governor" to see that he did not throw himself away on a portionless girl.

A KIND HUSBAND.—A lady who was suffering under a slight indisposition told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

PROGRESS OF CHILDHOOD—From pap to papa.

A couple ran off to get married, and came back to the bride's house, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her father, kneeling at his feet, all tears.

"Forgive, forgive me, dearest father!" sobbed the lovely suppliant.

"Forgive you!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "why, I am only too glad to get rid of you. Your ill-temper and idleness have been the plague of my life, and make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So take her," added the old gentleman, generously, addressing the happy man; "and may you be happy!"

When in Aberdeen, Dr. Johnson dined with a clergyman, the soup being "hotch-potch." The lady of the house, after having served him once, asked if he would take some more. The gruff and stern moralist and outspoken social bear replied, "It is a dish fit for hogs, Madam." "Take a little more, then," was the immediate and appropriate reply.

A SHORT STORY,

IN VERSE, WITH ONLY TWO RHYMES.

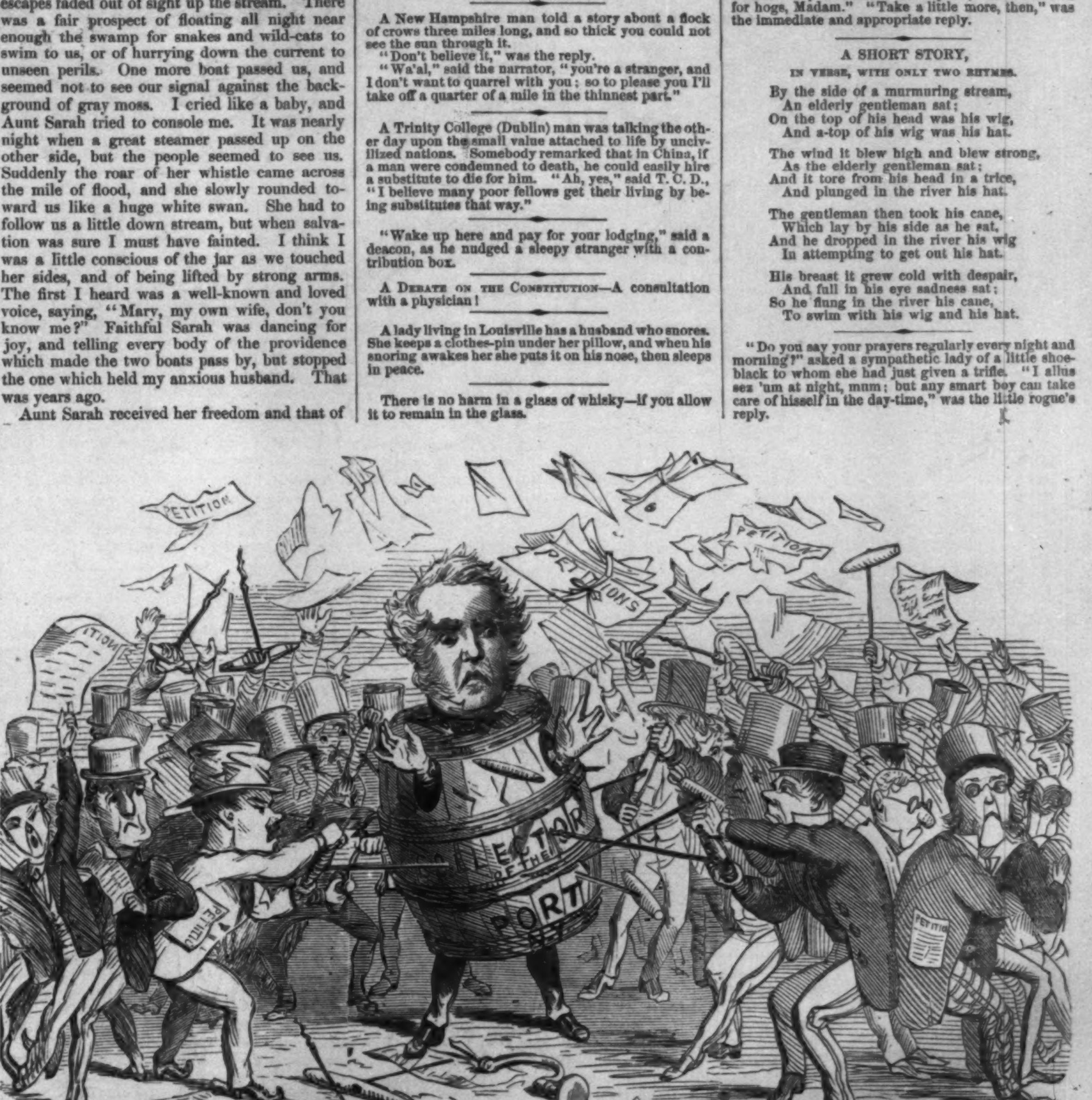
By the side of a murmuring stream,
An elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat;
And it tore from his head in a trice,
And plunged in the river his hat.

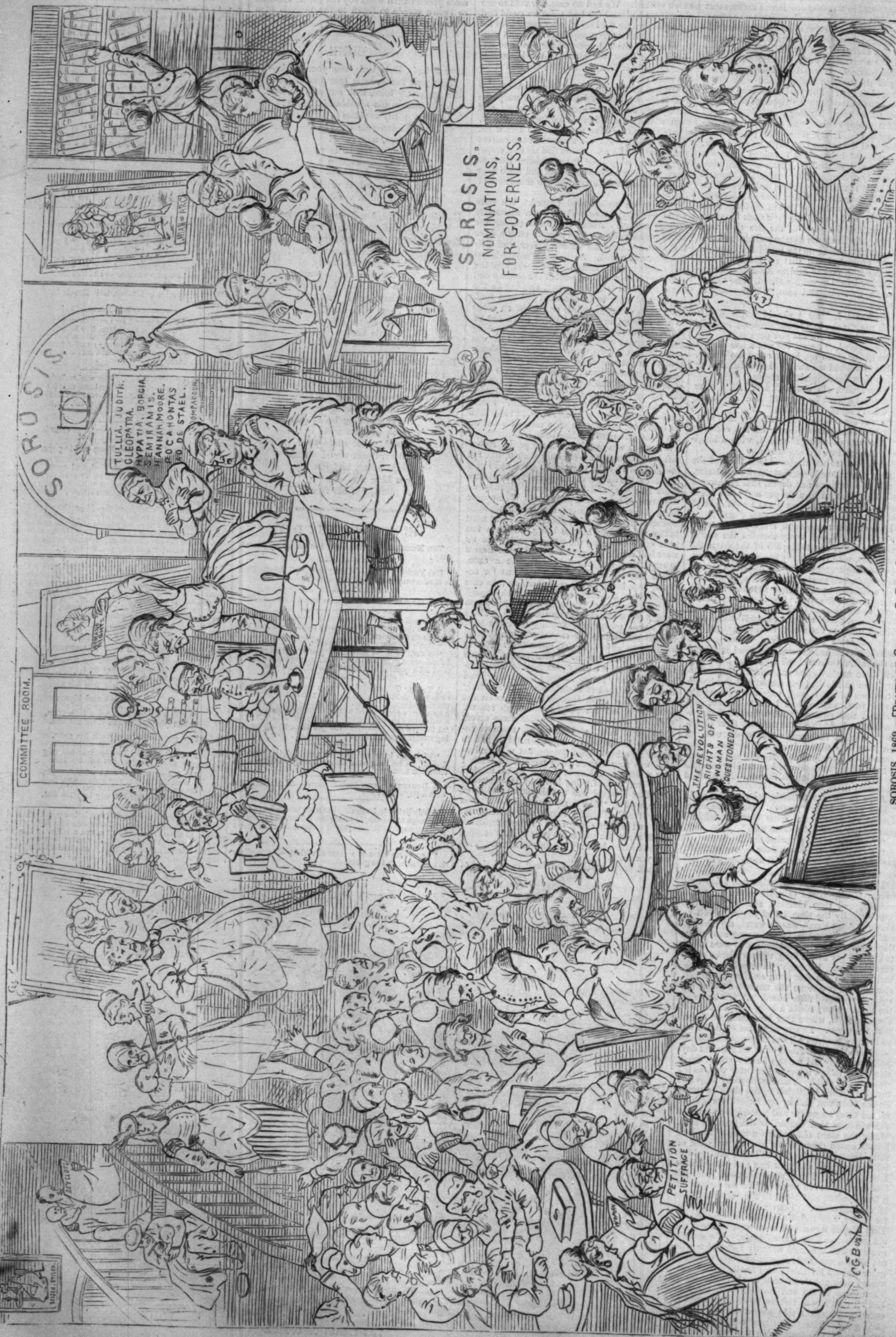
The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat,
And he dropped in the river his wig
In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye sadness sat;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

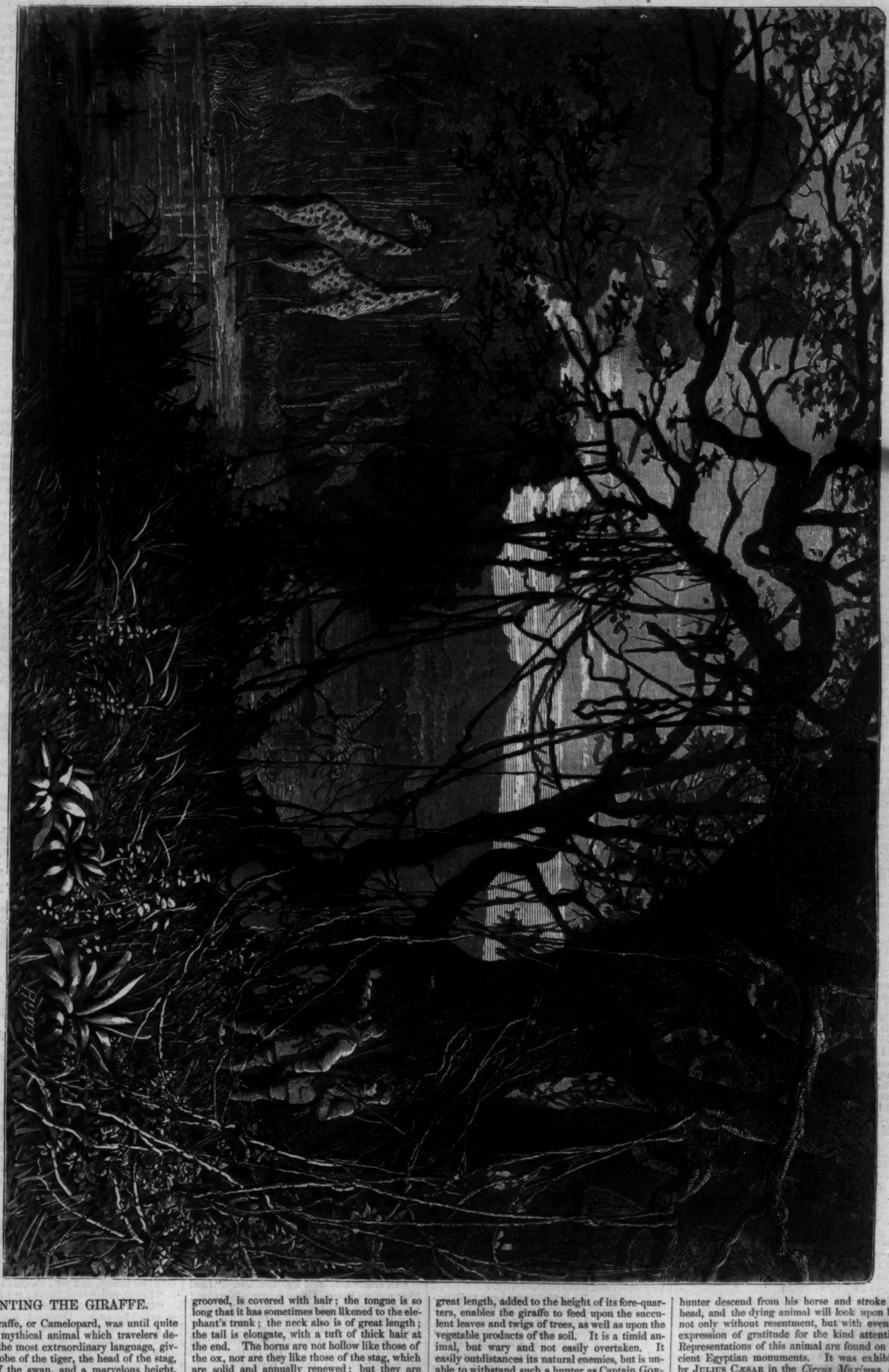
"Do you say your prayers regularly every night and morning?" asked a sympathetic lady of a little shoe-black to whom she had just given a trifle. "I allus sez 'um at night, mum; but any smart boy can take care of hisself in the day-time," was the little rogue's reply.



THE PERILS OF OFFICE.


COMMITTEE ROOM.
SOROSIS.
TULLIA. JUDITH.
CLEOPATRA.
HYPATIA. BORGIA.
SEMIRAMIS.
HANNAH MOORE.
POCAHONTAS
MAD. DE STAEL.
POMPADOUR.
WOMAN'S RIGHTS
JOAN OF ARC
SOROSIS.
NOMINATIONS,
FOR GOVERNESS.
THE REVOLUTION
RIGHTS OF WOMAN QUESTIONED!
PETITION
SUFFRAGE
WOMAN
STITCH, STITCH.
C G BUSH

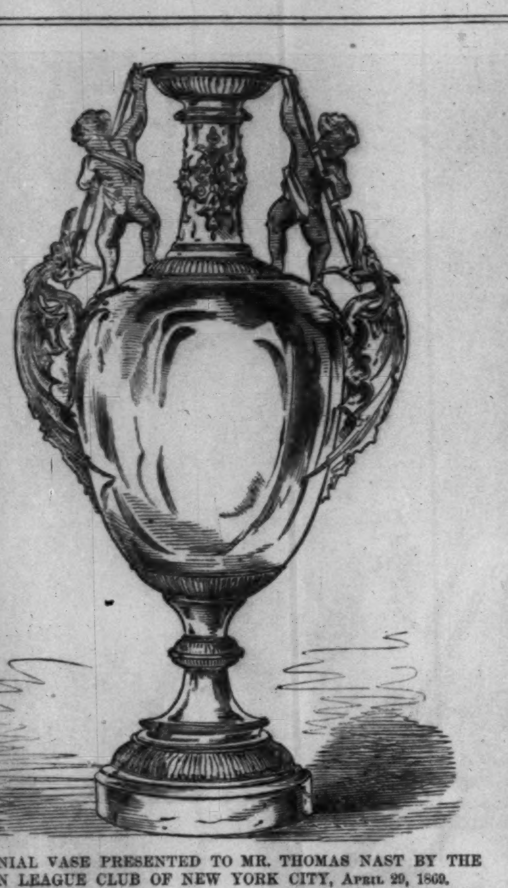
SOROSIS, 1869.—[Drawn by Charles G. Bush.]



HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

The Giraffe, or Camelopard, was until quite recently a mythical animal which travelers described in the most extraordinary language, giving it the robe of the tiger, the head of the stag, the neck of the swan, and a marvelous height. The giraffe is of African origin. It roams in the Abyssinian wilds in herds numbering from twelve to forty head. The characteristics of this singular animal, which in some particulars appears to participate in the qualities of the camel, the ox, and the antelope, are these: the lip, not grooved, is covered with hair; the tongue is so long that it has sometimes been likened to the elephant's trunk; the neck also is of great length; the tail is elongate, with a tuft of thick hair at the end. The horns are not hollow like those of the ox, nor are they like those of the stag, which are solid and annually renewed; but they are bones, covered with a hairy skin and terminating in a ring of bristly hair at the summit, surrounding a bare apex. The eyes are beautiful, extremely large, soft, and brilliant, and are so situated that the animal can see not only in front but upon all sides, and even behind itself. Its great length, added to the height of its fore-quarters, enables the giraffe to feed upon the succulent leaves and twigs of trees, as well as upon the vegetable products of the soil. It is a timid animal, but wary and not easily overtaken. It easily outdistances its natural enemies, but is unable to withstand such a hunter as Captain Gordon Cumming. By its kicking it will tire out and discourage even the lion, though it is not proof against a Spencer rifle. It seems almost cruel to kill the giraffe, which is so unprofitable as game, and which is so beautiful and so harmless. Even after he has been stricken, let the hunter descend from his horse and stroke his head, and the dying animal will look upon him not only without resentment, but with even an expression of gratitude for the kind attention. Representations of this animal are found on ancient Egyptian monuments. It was exhibited by Julius Cæsar in the *Circus Maximus*, and was a frequent spectacle at the cruel shows of Rome. There are no such deficiencies or malformations in the giraffe as Buffon asserts that there are. On the contrary there is the most extraordinary adaptation of all its parts to the peculiar sphere which it holds in creation.



TESTIMONIAL VASE PRESENTED TO MR. THOMAS NAST BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY, April 29, 1869.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TURNER SNUFFS THE SEA WIND.

The neighborhood was aroused, and there were six engines in the lane. The parish engine, anxious to assert itself against the office engines, played upon the house for a little time, and then stopped and driveled into imbecility. The other engines went home smoking pipes, and wondering why they had been sent for when there was no fire. The policeman had come to see what was the matter, and had been promptly turned out by Rebecca. The lane had gone to bed, on the theory that Mr. Turner had been took by his conscience in the night, and had rung the bell for prayers. There were more unconscious lies told that night than there are twice a year, and in the midst of it all Mr. Turner lay, severely wounded through the deltoid, and Rebecca minding him.

She had got singularly emphatic all of a sudden.

"Pa, you don't want a doctor from here?"

"No. All this must be kept quiet."

"You will die if you don't have one. Will you let me move you to Limehouse?"

"That is the best," he said, "good girl. We must take the safe."

"Lor bless you, yes, dear pa. We will take *that* fast enough. Bother the safe, I wish it was chucked in the water. You will have to move in an hour, pa."

"I wish I was well out of it," said he, "with the safe."

"You will be well out of it directly," she said. "Keep quiet."

She ran down to livery stables near by, and ordered a fly, to take her father away in half an hour's time. It was there punctually, and she hurried him in.

She had tied every thing she could find tight round his deltoid, and it is not a very difficult wound to stanch. He was very quiet, in that lethargic state which comes from loss of blood, and he cared nothing about any thing.

She looked back on the old house until they turned the lane. And she said, "There is an end of *that*, thank Heaven." He did not care at all. "Where are you taking me?" he said once.

"Limehouse," she answered. "9 Pilots Wharf. Keep quiet, or the hemorrhage will come on again."

"Where is Morley?" he asked, as they were going along Bird Cage Walk.

"At sea," she said. "Keep quiet. Every thing depends on your keeping absolutely quiet and trusting implicitly to me. Your wound is a severe one, and will be shortly followed by fever. You must be perfectly quiet."

When they were passing Tower Hill he said, "You are a brave, good girl, Rebecca. Where did you get your courage?"

"From Hetty," said Rebecca.

"Where did you see her, then?" said Mr. Turner.

"*I* have never seen her," said Rebecca, "and I don't suppose I ever shall. But she is Alfred's daughter. And I have made a daughter for Alfred who I suppose does not exist at all."

"Talk to me, darling," said Turner. "My own Rebecca, talk to me, for my wound is aching, and I am going to die. Let me hear you talk. What do you conceive about this Hetty?"

"Give me your wounded arm, father, and put it over my breast; lay your head on my breast; and if you keep quite quiet I will tell you what I have imagined Hetty to be. If I am wrong, do not undeceive me.

"Hetty had no mother. Some girls have none. I had none.

"Hetty was a radical and a dissenter in her heart. For no person is a radical or a dissenter except from sentiment."

The wounded man said, "Radicals and dissenters form their opinion on pure reason."

"Hold your tongue, pa, or I will knock you. Hetty found herself, as a radical and a dissenter, bound hand and foot, by radical and dissenting hay-bands. And she broke them."

"And we all wished she had been at the bottom of Jordan when she did so," said the wounded man.

"But she was right in what she did, pa."

"No she wasn't," said he. "She is one of the most thundering fools on the face of the earth. I never heard of the girl doing any good that a coster-monger's wife could not have done. She has smashed her father's connection in our sect, and forced him abroad, for which you have to thank her; because I am going to die, and you will be all alone until he comes back."

"But she is good," said Rebecca.

"Many fools are," was the only reply she got.

Hetty had been tried as a subject of conversation, and had utterly failed. Their silence toward one another was barely become oppressive, when they were at Morley's house.

Very few words were necessary from Rebecca to tell her story. They were at home at once. Mr. Morley's landlady was easily aroused, and it was bright summer morning, with the river gayly dancing on among the ships toward the sea, when Mr. Turner stepped out of his carriage and looked about him.

"Hush!" he said. "It is good for us to be here. What a lovely place to die in!"

"To get well in, I think you mean, father," said Rebecca.

"No I don't," said he. "There is but little business left me to do. That done I will go to sleep. I am sick of it all."

CHAPTER XXIX.

PILOT TERRACE.

A time now came which Rebecca has separated from all times in her life. Such a time may come again, she says, but it has not yet.

Ceaseless activity and care, ceaseless employment, ceaseless anxiety, ceaseless thought for others. A strange mixture of melancholy waiting for death and for life.

And all about and around, golden summer weather, bright water, moving ships, distant Kentish hill-sides basking in the sun. The tomb at Walham Green had given up the soul so long imprisoned there, and it had escaped not to useless idleness, but to anxious usefulness.

"As I saw him fading away, day after day, before my eyes, I loved him more and more, but, believing that he was going to his God, I do not think I was unhappy. I do not think I could be unhappy under any circumstances at Pilot Terrace."

The girl was not talking nonsense when she said this. Inbred in her nature was a love for brightness and motion, without which she was petulant and miserable. Hereditary proclivities are one of the few things which are absolutely certain; in the greatest number of instances the sire sets his seal upon the race, but in the case of a very strong will in the mother she may compete with her mate in the formation of characteristics. Rebecca's mother, coming of a stock which had been used to light gayety and music for centuries, had left this want with Rebecca as her legacy—the fortune on which she was to exist in the horrible prison at Walham Green. In addition to this precious legacy of her mother's, she had got from her father not only the virtue, determination, but the vice, obstinacy (as Carry well knew). And, furthermore, in addition to it all she had got—*God* knows where, I do not—some bright, clear spark of the divine nature, which made her very errors and indiscretions lovely.

Poor child. What if she ran away to Ramsgate, thereby violating a law never mentioned so far south as, and of course never dreamed of in, Philistia: she was very sorry afterward, and she took her most discreet and excellently beloved old nurse. Poor old Rebecca, when she found her duty ready to her hand she did it. Have we all done so?

She wanted light and beauty. She had seen dimly in old time the Popish worship with her mother; and up to the time when she had run away to Ramsgate and seen the sea, that was the only beautiful thing she had seen. There was movement, light, brightness of color: the tinsel is as good as the gold to a child. She had dimly recollected it, in the long hours of Puritan seclusion at Walham Green. How long, oh my Puritan brothers, will you make religion hideous to one-half at least of your children? Think, in these days, when the nation is becoming educated to a rough love of light and beauty, what mischief you are doing, not to us, but to yourselves.

Rebecca says that the first pretty thing she saw when she was grown up was young Hartop the sailor. She always declares to Hetty that she was desperately in love with Hartop for a week, and that he used her disgracefully. However, Rebecca was worthy of seeing something more than a pretty sailor. She was capable of understanding real beauty, of the very highest form.

Mr. Morley. I would have made Mr. Morley a duke if I could, only for the simple fact that he was a dissenting minister, and considered unsound and unsafe even in that capacity. How many times that brown sailor-like face, that grizzled hair, and those steady brown eyes had passed before Rebecca's retina, before they were fixed on it forever, I do not know. But they were fixed there firmly enough now.

He was the first man, practically, who had ever introduced her to real light and beauty. She might have loved Hartop, but Hartop was for Hetty, and with her keen intellect she quickly found out this. That Hartop, brave, glorious, beautiful, was not so brave or so glorious as brown-faced Mr. Morley, with the slightly grizzled hair. "I would not change with Hetty," she said.

However, he was at sea, and she was all alone, and her father was dying, and she declares that she was not unhappy at this gaunt time, which lasted long. And that makes my explanatory sorites quite good enough for a well-told story.

She did well in every detail now. Quick, keen wits, once roused by love, seem to do without experience almost magically. The higher nature seems to descend to the level of the lower, intellect is assisted by instinct, Cupido by Eros. (A thinking friend of the writer says that I am utterly wrong, and that the love of the child for the parent is reflected. I give him this opportunity of adding to the amount of human knowledge.) Love and sympathy supplied experience. If all Sisters and trained nurses had had a conference with Gamp and Prig, they could have done no more for Mr. Turner than Rebecca did, with slight hints about details to the landlady.

I resume my story. She put his bed in the bow-window so that he could see the river and the ships. The landlady saw after him while Rebecca went out in the early morning until she could find a doctor. There were a dozen doctors close by, and the landlady recommended her to one, and Rebecca knocked him up.

He put a head out of window, and said:

"What do you want?"

And Rebecca said, "*He* won't do. Pa would never stand him."

Then she was going to pull at the bell of the next doctor's, when the door was suddenly opened, and a fat gentleman of fifty said to her, "The advertisement said four o'clock, and it is half past. Come in." Whereupon she marched off; and thought, "You won't do, my gentleman."

"Bother the doctors," she said. "I wish—I beg your pardon, Sir," for she had run up against a queer little man with one leg shorter than the other, coming round a corner.

"Go away from me," he said, waving her off, "you most ridiculous and incautious young woman. I am one saturation of scarlet-fever from head to foot. I have been attending a scarlet-fever case, and I have pulled my pretty ones through. There are between eighty and ninety thousand sporicles on your fine velvet cloak at this moment; chuck it over your little sister's bed to keep her warm, and then say it was me."

"*You* will do," said Rebecca, emphatically.

"Well, I suppose so," said the little gentleman; "what do you want?"

"Pistol wound."

"My Heavens!" he said, turning his queer shrewd little face up to hers.

"Sir," she answered.

"Ho!" he said. "Ha! aristocratic, or long shore?"

"Neither. But mysterious."

"Young man dead?"

"No, but faint," said Rebecca.

"Ha! I'll get these fever clothes off and come directly. What is the house?"

"9 Pilot Terrace."

"Morley's? Yes, quite so. You are Miss Turner. I warned Morley that he was flying his kite too high. I told him that there would be bloodshed if he sought a wife among the Aristocrats. And my words have come true, you see. Well, you are a wise young lady in choosing him. I am a Romanist myself: Doctor Slop, you know; hey? Don't know your secret; of course not. I knew they would shoot some one over you."

"This has nothing to do with me," said Rebecca.

"Of course not," said Dr. Barnham. "Lord bless you, *we* know. Of course not. Bless you! call us Jesuits at one moment, and deny us common knowledge of the world at another. I'll change my fever clothes and come in."

The whole story of Mr. Turner's pistol wound was carefully explained to Dr. Barnham by at least three people; but he never believed it. He only said, "Yes! yes! quite so. We are men of the world, we Catholics."

But Barnham was a great acquisition to them. He treated Mr. Turner with great skill and *bonhomie*; and Mr. Turner loved him and waited for his coming. Both men were intensely in earnest; Barnham a violent ultramontane, Turner a violent Protestant. They used to argue furiously, the Bishop of Rome was alternately the old man of Rome on Mr. Turner's side, and something which one does not care to write about another human being on Dr. Barnham's. These two gentlemen used mutually to assure one another of the utter impossibility of the other's ultimate salvation, in a way which I dare not produce, not believing that God's mercy depends on a few details, as these men did. But they liked one another the better for all their quarreling: and this quaint little Romanist was one of the brightest things in their new short life.

Turner would be in the bay-window, looking at the ships going to and fro, and would invent arguments against the doctor. And he would say to Rebecca, "Come, old girl, give a hand next time, and we will smash him, and put an end to him."

And Rebecca would laugh, and cower down by her father, and say, "I won't say one word against him. And you know that you love him in your heart."

He was indeed the only educated friend they had. Mr. Turner was quietly falling away day after day, and finding his time getting short, he wrote notes to several people calling on them to come.

Lord Ducetoy was the first. "How de do, my lord?" said Turner. "I have summoned up the phantom."

CHAPTER XXX.

LORD DUCETOY'S PROPOSALS.

Here first she began to learn the artistic value and beauty of tones, crossed indefinitely by other tones, perfectly harmonious, and sometimes without incident. At times of the night when the tide was even brimming full, and she was watching, she would open the window, and hear the sounds of the river, all melted into one, and assisted by the dull under-tone of the city. At first, in her ignorance and her cockneyishness, she had thought that the city was the sea; and that the eternal crawling hum, waxing and waning in the night, was the crawling of the breakers upon the shore; but Lord Ducetoy, standing in the balcony with her one evening, laughed at her for thinking so, and pointed out her mistake.

"But water runs down hill, my lord; and the water is running that way."

"My fair cockney cousin, do you not notice that it runs the other way sometimes?"

Yes, it was so. Her beloved sea was further off than she thought, and it was silent to her. He was right. She had mistaken the music of the hated city for the dim, far-heard melody of the free sea.

"Do you ever sail upon the sea, my lord?" she said.

"Not at present, my lady," he answered. "Your good father has given me the means of keeping a yacht, and when the king has his own again perhaps you will sail with me. Have you heard from Mr. Morley?"

"Not one word. Nor from Hartop or Hetty, either. I am all alone, with my father."

"Except for me," he said.

"Except for you," she answered, looking straight at him; "exactly. It is very kind of you to come here and see us."

"Now, Rebecca, I want to have a serious talk with you. I shall offend you deeply, I know; but a man must speak what is in him, or—"

"Hold his tongue."

"Exactly. I am not going to hold mine. Rebecca, do you know that I love you heartily?"

"I thought you did, and I am very glad. I suppose there is not the wildest chance of my ever seeing Lady Ducetoy?"

"Not if you go to the South Sea Islands. But, Rebecca, do you love me?"

"Very much indeed."

Dead stop. Rebecca had some dim idea that he was going to make a fool of himself; and *she* was not going to help him.

"I suppose," he said, in a very awkward manner, "that no one was ever placed in a more difficult position than I am at this present moment."

Rebecca merely stood and looked at him.

"You see, I don't know how to begin."

"Well, then, don't begin," said Rebecca. "No one wants you to."

"Yes, but you don't know. I have a great personal admiration for you, and I am your cousin, and I think you an uncommonly gentlemanly old fellow, one of the most splendid creatures, and one of the most admirably formed ladies I have ever met. Now, cousin Rebecca, I am under terribly great obligations to you for your gallantry. I don't know what your father has done for me, or how his affairs are. Tell me one thing; what money shall you have when you marry Mr. Morley?"

Rebecca gave a gasp of relief; she was afraid that he was going to talk some sentimental nonsense. "I don't suppose we shall have any," she said. "Hagbut has drained away pa's cash for Carry's settlements. I should have liked to take him money, and yet I shouldn't."

"I don't understand," said Lord Ducetoy.

"Can't you see that, cousin? I should like to take him money, because I should like him to have money for his works and his charities, for which he lives. Yet I should also like to go to him, cousin, saying, 'You chose me, and here I am, without one penny. Will you take me still?' And he would. And he would love me better without the money than with it. For if I had all Carry's money it would only be a cloud between us. He, the noblest man in all the world, has honored poor little me, with all my indiscretions and errors, above all women in the world. And I would sooner go to him *in* *formâ pauperis*. You are talking to an attorney's daughter, you know."

"But Rebecca, do you mean to say that you would sooner marry a mere dissenting clergyman without money than with? It is totally incredible to me why you should marry him at all: but without the power over him which money could give. Are you mad?"

"Not in the least. When you find in your order as fine a gentleman as George Morley I shall be glad to hear from you."

"He must be an exception."

"Of course he is," said she. "There is another exception coming to plague pa. Stay and see the other exception, and finish what you were going to say."

"Well, Rebecca, I only wanted to know this. If money should run short with you, will you accept some from me?"

"Certainly," said Rebecca. "I am very much obliged to you. Some of your money may come in very useful, if pa has been drawn dry by *him*, and if we have not got any of it. We should be very glad of some of yours under those circumstances."

"A few thousands," began Lord Ducetoy.

"Thousands!" said Rebecca, laughing. "If you can find us £150 some day, it is quite as much as we are fit to be trusted with. Don't give George Morley more. He would only give it away. Tell me. Is this offer of money all you were going to say to me when you began?"

"It was all, indeed."

"Bless me, I thought you were going to talk nonsense to me. You were not, were you?"

"I assure you, Rebecca, that I had not the least intention of doing so."

"Quite sure?"

"I am not quite sure that you are sane in dreaming of such a thing. Come, you are the very last person on the face of the earth that I would dare to talk nonsense to. How Mr. Morley got into his present position with you I don't know. I would not have dared to say as much as he has dared. Cousin, I only wanted to try and help you, and you are so very quaint and *emportée* that I had to beat about the bush. I was a little in love with you once, but I have quite got over any little sentimental feeling of that sort."

They had come into the upper room out of the balcony as he said this, and she said, "Bend down your head, my lord." And he bent it down to her and she kissed him, saying, "You are a good man, cousin, and we understand one another."

And if any one thinks she was wrong, I happen to disagree with them.

Since Eve kissed her first-born (unfortunately for the illustration, *Cain*, I believe, unless some new state papers have been grubbed out at Fetter Lane or Simancas to the contrary) no purer kiss was given or received than Rebecca gave to Lord Ducetoy. And he, being a gentleman, knew it.

"Now let us come down stairs," she said. "You have spoken of Mr. Morley as a dissenting minister. As if they were all alike. As if you Nobles were all alike." And she gave illustrations. "Come and see what I have escaped, will you?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

BREAKING WINDOWS.

Why do people break windows? Some do it to get locked up; but I do not mean them. Why do people who do not want to be locked up at all habitually break windows? Who breaks windows? Every one. You, and I, and Rebecca. You and I are wise people, and hold our hands from a window, unless we can get something by breaking it. Now Rebecca was a fool, and never could keep her hands off a window. Morley said she was nearly as bad as Hetty.

There is something very exasperating to a certain kind of mind in a smooth square of plate-glass. One does not demand much, one only demands what nature will give, at any point, at any time of the year. Half and quarter tints, melting into one another, yet making a great harmony, and an "arrangement," as great as Turner's Heidelberg. That was all Rebecca wanted, though she had never seen it, and could not tell you exactly what she did want. She knew, however, that plate-glass with gas behind it exasperated her. So she was given to window breaking.

One says she had never learned the subtle, interminable delight and beauty of half tints. It is not true. She had learned it from Mr. Morley's grizzled head and brown face. And now she came down stairs with Lord Ducetoy, of the prairies, thinking about Morley of the sea: of men with an inconceivable number of half and quarter loves about them: and she found Hagbut and Carry; plate-glass and gas. A window, a bald, shallow window. She instantaneously broke it, with the first stone she could find—and you can generally find a stone if you stoop down.

It was very naughty of her. I offer no defense. I am not bound to carry a heroine through every thing. Still Hagbut and Carry, sitting in a row, drinking tea and smiling, were not calculated to make any one the less petulant.

"Where have you been, Rebecca?" said her father.

"Up stairs, with Lord Ducetoy."

"Did you hear Mr. Hagbut come in?"

"Yes, I heard him."

"Where were you?"

"In the upper passage, kissing Lord Ducetoy."

"Becky, old girl," said Mr. Turner. "Don't say such things."

"Why not? You ought to tell the truth, ought you not? And I *was* kissing Lord Ducetoy on the stairs."

Hagbut said, very quietly, "For my part, not being a gentleman myself, I am uneasy in the company of even an ordinary gentleman, still more so in the company of a nobleman. However, by your confession of having kissed his lordship on the stairs, my elephantine awkwardness is somewhat easier to bear. About the outrageous impropriety of the thing happening at all, and of Rebecca telling about it afterward, I say nothing. But from all I can hear, two very good people have kissed one another, and are not ashamed of it either."

Lord Ducetoy laughed aloud. "It was *her*, you know, Padre, mind that. *She* kissed *me* in the passage. You believe me, I am sure."

"My lord, I am bound to believe the statement of any hereditary legislator, the more particularly in this case because I am perfectly certain that you would never have obtained the favor on your own account."

Carry sat utterly aghast. Lord Ducetoy had kissed Becky in the passage, and they were all making fun of it. Her husband was laughing, and Becky and Lord Ducetoy were smiling. *She* began to cry.

Hagbut did not attend to her at first, for his eyes were fixed on Mr. Turner. He turned suddenly on Carry and ordered her to run for the doctor.

"Rebecca, look at your father," he said. "Good heavens and earth! it can't be so, while we have been chattering nonsense here. Go away, Rebecca, go and fetch the landlady, or the surgeon, or the fire-engine, or some one. My lord, things have gone wrong here. Are you afraid of death?"

"Is he dead?" said Lord Ducetoy.

GENERAL PATRICK HENRY JONES,

POSTMASTER NEW YORK CITY.

General Jones, the new Postmaster of New York city, is an Irishman by birth. Twenty-five years ago he came to this country with his father. He was then a lad of ten years of age. He served with gallantry in the late civil war, entering the service as a private in the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers in May, 1861. He was soon elected second-lieutenant by his company, and from this post he was promoted to the first-lieutenancy, then to the post of major of the regiment, and in October, 1862, to the rank of colonel, assuming command of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New York. He went through all the campaigns under Pope and Burnside, up to the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was badly wounded and taken prisoner. On his recovery he managed to get out of the hands of the rebels, and was sent with his regiment to the Western army, then operating under Sherman. He participated in the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and with such marked coolness and bravery that he was recommended by Generals Hooker and Howard for promotion to the position of Brigadier-General. President Lincoln, on receiving these recommendations, immediately telegraphed General Sherman to know his opinion in regard to this promotion, and General Sherman replied that it was one eminently proper to be made, on account of his gallant services in the field; whereupon he was made a full Brigadier-General, which position he held through the war, participating from that time in all the campaigns of General Sherman. He resigned his military rank June 15, 1865. The same year he was elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals on the Republican ticket, and served his official term. In 1868 he was appointed by Governor Fenton to the Registership of New York, to fill the unexpired term of General Charles G. Halpine. He was succeeded in this position by the election of Michael Connolly. The proceeds of this office, after defraying expenses, he paid over to the widow of General Halpine. General Jones was a Democrat before the war, is a lawyer by profession, and was Governor Fenton's law partner before the breaking out of the Rebellion.

HON. THOMAS H. NELSON,

MINISTER TO MEXICO.

Hon. Thomas H. Nelson, of Indiana, recently appointed Minister to Mexico, is a native of Mason County, Kentucky, and is about forty-five years of age. He is brother of Colonel A. D. Nelson, and of the late General William Nelson, United States Army. He removed early in life to Rockville, Indiana, and subsequently to Terre Haute, where he still resides; and in that State has for more than twenty years been prominent in politics, in law, and, since 1861, in the diplomatic service of the country. Prior to 1861 Mr. Nelson was principally known as an advocate and debater of great address and power in his own and other Western States, as well as one of the founders, with Senator Morton and Abraham Lincoln, of the national Republican party. Upon the accession of the latter to the Presidency, however, he selected Mr. Nelson, always his friend and often his legal opponent, to represent this Government as its Minister to Chili. The historical years—from 1861 to 1866, during which Mr. Nelson occupied this position—were freighted both in the United States and Chili with occurrences which at once gave scope to and demonstration of his activity, fidelity, and abilities. Though convulsed by internal rebellion, the Federal Government held claims of large amount against Chili. These Mr. Nelson pressed with such clearness and force as to secure their immediate and full payment; and at the same time so ably represented the issues in controversy in this Republic that Mr. Lincoln was constrained to declare that the Government and people of Chili were the staunchest friends which the United States possessed.

During Mr. Nelson's incumbency of this Mission, and while he was President of the Diplomatic Corps at Santiago, occurred the war between Spain and Chili, and to the American Embassador more than to any other man does the latter country attribute the correct understanding of, and consequent sympathy with, its own side of the struggle which contemporary governments displayed. His dispatches to the State Department are thoroughly American in tone, and are graphic in their delineation of the grave events and interests which came under his attention. Upon his return home in 1866 Mr. Nelson at once threw himself into the memorable canvass in behalf of the Fourteenth Amendment, and spoke, from Kentucky to Kansas, to immense audiences of people. Unanimously selected to head the Republican electoral ticket last year in Indiana, Mr. Nelson, "as is the custom of the country," canvassed and spoke in nearly every county in the State, until it was triumphantly carried for Grant and Colfax, himself bearing its electoral vote to the Capital. A few days ago the President nominated Mr. Nelson to succeed General Rosecrans in Mexico, and, although contemporary appointments were critically scanned, his own was at once reported upon and confirmed by the unanimous vote of both parties in the Senate.

OBSERVATORIES AT WASHINGTON AND PRINCETON.

The National Observatory at Washington is situated southwest of the Executive Mansion, upon an elevated site overlooking the Potomac River. It was originally designed and used for a hydrographical office. The preparation of wind and current charts, the regulation of chronometers, and the other branches of hydrographical research, still occupy the principal care of those in charge, astronomical investigation being made secondary. The Transit instrument, shown in one of our cuts on page 317, is in the west wing of the building. It is a 7-foot achromatic, with an aperture of 5.3 inches, and was made by Ertel & Son of Munich. The glass and brass work of the instrument cost $10,000.

The chronometer room is also shown in one of our cuts. All the chronometers of the Navy are here regulated by means of an electric clock. The Observatory is open to visitors between the hours of 9 A.M. and 3 P.M., and a courteous officer is always in attendance to render all needed assistance and to furnish information.

The Halsted Observatory, erected for the College of New Jersey at Princeton, is built of sandstone, and consists of a central tower of an octagonal form and of two smaller towers also octagonal in shape which are connected with the central tower in the manner indicated in our engraving.

The length of the whole building is 101 feet, and the height of the middle tower up to the girdle of the dome is about 40 feet. The girdle is about 4 feet wide, and the dome surmounting this is hemispherical in form and 40 feet in diameter, so that the entire height from the ground to the top of the dome is 65 feet. Each of the small octagonal towers is surmounted by a metallic dome, and their dimensions are about one-half of those of the great tower. These smaller towers, or wings, will contain an astronomical library and offices for the use of the observer. The walls of the whole edifice are about 2 feet thick, and built in the most substantial manner.

The telescope will be supported by the solid pier of sandstone, thoroughly grouted with cement, already constructed within the main tower, and which itself rests upon the solid rock, from 14 to 18 feet below the surface of the ground. Its dimensions are about 31 feet by 26 feet at the base, on which the structure is carried squarely up to within 4 feet of the surface, whence it tapers gradually to the top, where it is 11 feet square, upon a level with the main floor of the Observatory, and 18 feet above the ground. Upon this pier is placed a granite base 10 feet square and 1 foot thick, from which rises a solid column of Quincy granite, weighing 32 tons, and some 15 feet high, so that when the telescope is mounted on it the centre of motion of the telescope will be as high as the middle of the girdle of the dome. The dome itself, which is of wrought iron, covered with a bright composite metal, like the smaller domes, rests upon 40 pulleys arranged in a ring upon a circular railway, and so fixed as to obtain great ease of motion for the revolving dome, and security against derangement of any part of this apparatus. The dome has the usual facilities of sliding shutters, but of greatly enlarged dimensions, the opening being no less than 6 feet wide.

It is contemplated that the telescope shall have an object-glass of 25 inches in diameter and a focal length of at least 30 feet, being as large as any achromatic refracting telescope yet attempted, and larger than any of the same kind in this country.

The plan fixed upon for this Observatory at the outset, and thus far steadily pursued, has been to furnish it with one large instrument such as has been described, for special research, and with such other appliances as may be indispensable. It is proposed that the telescope shall be constructed by Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, who have deservedly obtained a distinction in their art equal to that of any opticians in the world.

The cost of the Observatory, thus far, has been about $50,000, which has all been defrayed by one generous donor, General N. Norris Halsted, of Newark, New Jersey, after whom the Observatory has been named. This gift is but one of the ways in which his liberality and public spirit have been exhibited. The late Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, D.D., also left a legacy to be applied to the purposes of the Observatory; in fact, the Observatory itself is the result of an agreement between General Halsted and Dr. Van Rensselaer.

It is under the charge of Professor Stephen Alexander, LL.D., the distinguished Professor of Astronomy at Princeton, whose attainments, and especially his extension of the Nebular Hypothesis of La Place, have given him so high a position among scientific men. The friends of science as well as of the College should see to it that the Observatory be armed with an instrument such as has been described—and which must be a very costly one—with the least possible delay.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Spirit Photography" continued to excite the public mind last week—but the *material* side of the question was presented. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry and Mr. Blunt, counsels for the prosecution, brought various witnesses on the stand to show "how ghosts were made." One witness—Mr. Bogardus—said there were more ways of producing these so-called spirit photographs than he could count up; he could produce the picture of an angel flying over a man's head, or put horns on his head without his knowing that any thing unusual had been done; an acute photographer might find out the trick; but he had deceived some good ones; he could take an impression on a sensitive plate, put the plate aside, either in the bath or elsewhere, and then bring it out and take a second picture on it. When the plate is developed both pictures will be developed together. This method, however, sometimes does not call up the desired spirits. For example, an artist once took the likeness of a man surrounded by the majestic apparitions of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and Napoleon. But the sitter desired the disembodied presence of Washington, and this was not to be evoked, the artist not having made the necessary preparation.

Mr. Mason, Secretary of the Photographic Branch of the American Institute, testified that the "spirit photographs" could be made by taking a negative, and making a positive from it, which was subsequently used to make a spirit picture. It was easy to deceive any one. He produced a small camera in court, and explained the matter practically. He described also one of his own processes in which the negative used was a piece of transparent mica having a figure upon it. He showed how by manipulating this with dexterity the impression of the figure on it could be made on the sensitive plate and thus produce a ghost. His exposition of the matter created much merriment. Testimony was also rendered that the "ghosts" in some of Mr. Mumler's pictures, which were exhibited, could not have been in front of the camera at the same time with the sitter, because the lights and shadows of the one were opposed to those of the other.

In regard to the alleged likeness of the "ghosts" to deceased friends, it was in evidence that persons had been honestly deceived by their imaginations, the same "spirit" having appeared on different plates, and been recognized (!) as that of different persons! The dimness of the portraits aided the deception, and occasionally an extraordinary likeness to some deceased person happened to exist, or to be imagined.

The Princess Louise is to be married next July; then Queen Victoria will have only one unmarried daughter—the Princess Beatrice.

Hall's *Journal of Health* gives a timely warning not to put on thinner under-clothing too early in the season; also, that when clothing is to be diminished, it should be done in the morning when first dressing. At this time of year housekeepers should not be in too much of a hurry to put their fire-places in summer order. The comfort and health of a whole family are often seriously disturbed by sitting in chilly rooms mornings and evenings. In order to keep well one should avoid exposures during the change of seasons.

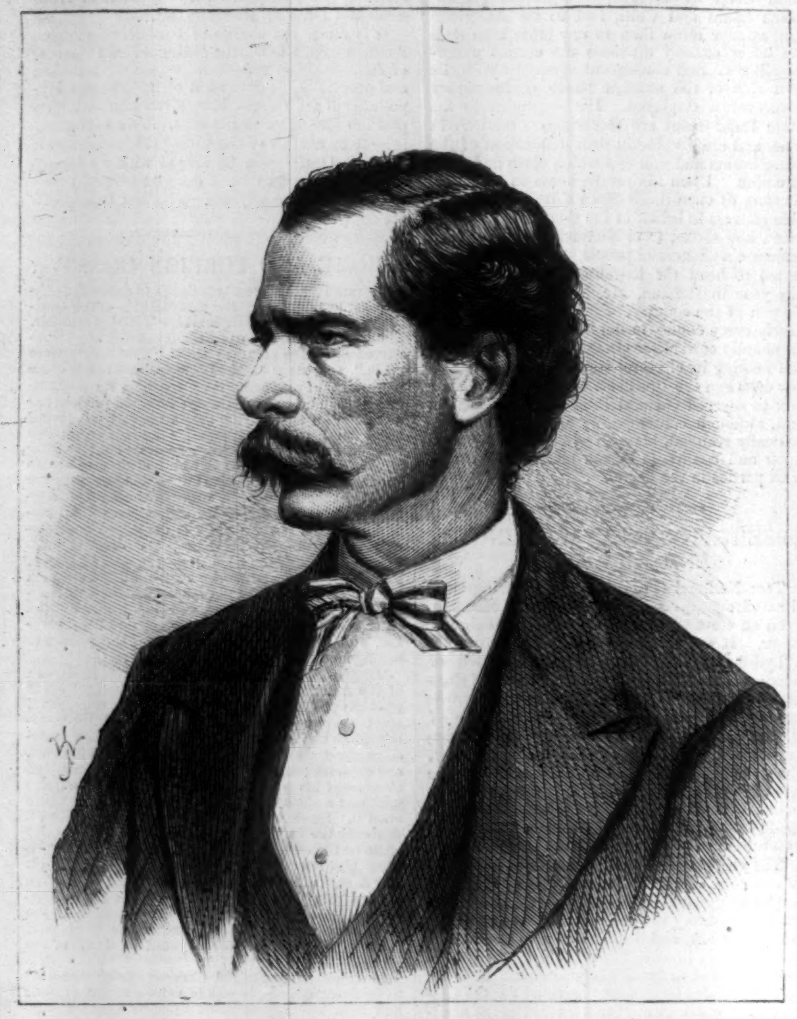
The *Evening Post* gives what it calls a "nice little bill" of $4639 32, incurred by a legislative committee who visited this city to "investigate elections"—the items being largely such as "brandy and wine," "cigars," "dinners," "livery," "theatres," "whisky." The bill contains at least thirty separate charges for tickets to theatres. The *Post* remarks that it will be seen that this committee was obliged to drink a good deal of brandy, whisky, and wine; that it smoked a great many cigars; that it visited many theatres; that it gave a number of dinners; that it rode in a great many carriages; and had only fifty dollars' worth of medical attendance—all which shows that the Speaker selected for members of this committee remarkably vigorous men.

Miss Van Lew, the new Postmistress of Richmond, is reported to have made many postal reforms in that city. She has placed two ladies in charge of the ladies' delivery; has increased the facilities for registration and money orders, and she intends also to establish street letter-boxes, and distribute the mails throughout the city promptly on arrival.

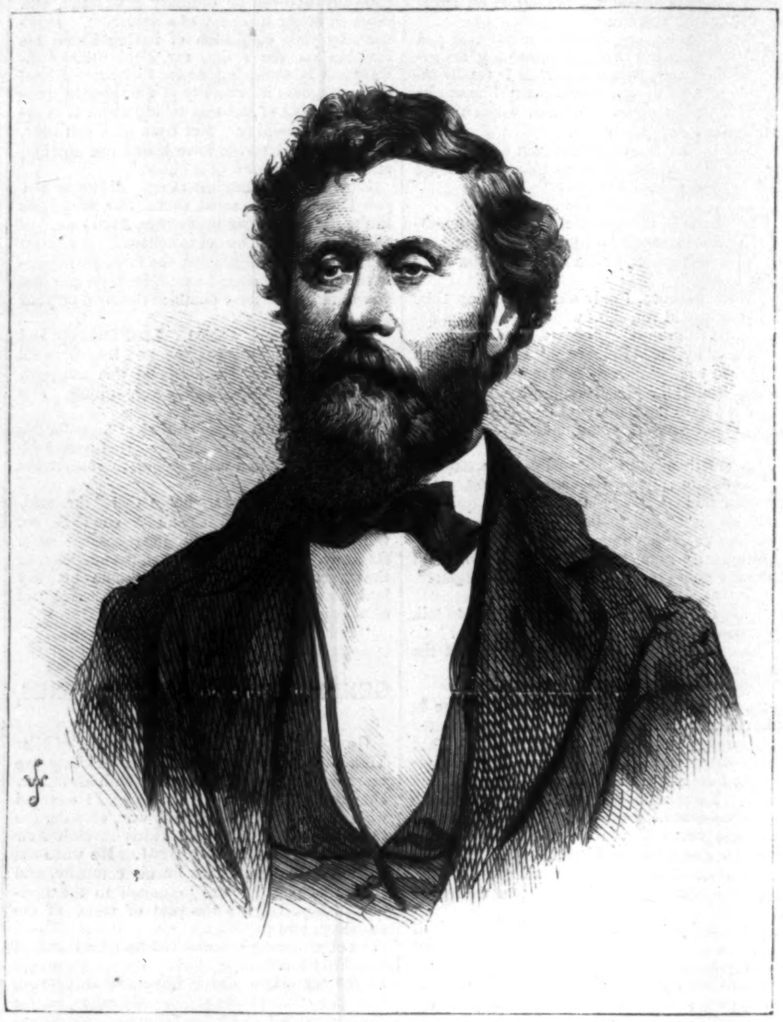
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was last week the scene of a singular execution. Executions are common enough, and all kinds of criminals—the careless and the hardened, the weak and frightened, and the stoically indifferent—mount the scaffold. But it is not often that one against whom the blackest crimes have been proved goes cheerfully to an ignominious death, even smiling upon the gallows. Such seems to have been the conduct of Louis Lane, a negro of perhaps fifty years old, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law for poisoning his sixth wife. About twelve years ago he attempted to poison his fifth wife; but failing in that, he tried to destroy her by setting fire to the house, in which she was confined in an upper room. Fortunately she escaped from the building. For this attempt he was sent to the Penitentiary six years. Three of his previous wives died under very suspicious circumstances. During his trial he was cool and calm, and often apparently unconcerned, and he maintained the same bearing in prison.

A recent writer on the fashions says: "A trip to Saratoga, with the tour of the lakes afterward, involves more of trouble and more of expense in the preparation than a trip to Europe. For the latter all that is required is a couple of suits, a water-proof cloak, a black round hat, a blue veil, and plenty of cuffs and collars and pocket-handkerchiefs." The writer then goes on to remark that it is very difficult to tell what is really necessary for the first-mentioned trip, the ideas of people vary so much, but enumerates sundry silk, satin, and grenadine suits which form the outfit of a lady who expects to frequent the watering-places this summer. It is a pity one can not travel in our own country more sensibly. Ladies who will set a good fashion in this respect will be a blessing to the community.

The young ladies of a Virginia female seminary have decided that "the mind of woman is not capable of as high a degree of cultivation as that of the opposite sex." Very modest of them to come to such a conclusion! They have doubtless become tired of studying. We question whether a New England Seminary would unanimously arrive at such a decision!



GENERAL P. H. JONES, POSTMASTER, NEW YORK CITY.—Phot. by Rockwood.—[See Page 315.]



HON. THOMAS H. NELSON, MINISTER TO MEXICO.—[See Page 315.]

ROGUE TARASKA.

Translated from the Russian.

[This story is a good specimen of the quaint and naïve simplicity of the old Slavonic narrative-style. The student of German literature will observe a certain resemblance to some parts of Grimm's tale of "The Master-Thief."]

There was a certain gentleman who had a cook called Taraska, one to whom stealing was like the bread of life. Every thing that came in his way, whish! it was gone, and never came back again. There was no telling what ways his master tried to break him of this foul habit—but try as he might, he took nothing by his trouble. At last he thought to himself, "Well, it must be one thing or the other—either break him of this way of stealing, or else put an end to him altogether." So he sent for Taraska to speak with him.

"Well, Taraska, have you learned well how to steal yet?"

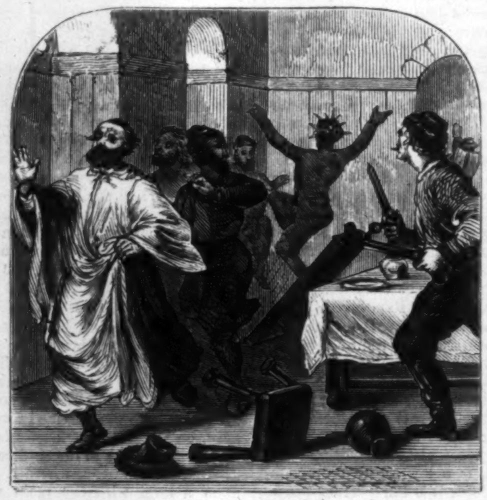
"Pretty well, but not just as it should be. See now, if you had sent me to study with my uncle I'd have been quite a professor by now, for my uncle's a first-rate hand at thieving, and knows all the ins and outs of it."

This was a piece of good news for the master, who thought he had discovered a nice way of getting Taraska off his hands without any more trouble. So the very next morning he called him up, furnished him with all that he could want for a journey, and bade him God-speed on his way. When he came to his uncle the old man received him very affectionately, and agreed readily enough to teach him the practical parts of the science of thieving. Accordingly, after giving him two or three days' holiday to freshen him up after his journey, Taraska's uncle proposed to his nephew to go a little walk through the forest. Very good—away they went. By-and-by the uncle began looking about on every side, till at last he got his eye on a tall tree which seemed to be what he wanted. He pointed to the topmost branch and said:

"Taraska, my lad, do you see that raven's nest up yonder, on the top of that big tree?"

"Ay, ay, uncle, I see it clearly enough; and what's more, the mother's at home, sitting upon her eggs."

"You've hit it, my boy; and what's more, she's asleep, and the thing is to carry off the eggs without waking her."



"HELP! HELP!"

"Well, uncle, I suppose it can be done; stealing is just stealing, after all."

"Ah, but there's a *way* of doing every thing, too. Now just watch and see how *I* do it; I'll climb up and take all the eggs from under the mother without her feeling it a bit."

Up went the uncle. Five minutes passed, neither more nor less: look now—there are all the eggs in the uncle's hands!

"Bravo, uncle!" said Taraska; "you're the one for doing things. It's no joke taking eggs from under a sleeping raven. But see now, *you've* not been sleeping or dreaming either, and yet—where are the soles of your boots?"

The uncle put up one foot, then the other, and sure enough his feet were looking through his boots, and not a bit of sole to be seen. And the reason of this was that Taraska, while his uncle was getting up the tree so cleverly, had whipped out his knife and shaved off the soles of his boots (which were brand-new) without the old man knowing any thing about it.

Not many days after this Taraska's uncle invited his nephew to assist him in robbing a monastery which stood but a little way from their haunt. So off they set; and, not to make a long story of it, they cleaned out the holy place from top to bottom.

By this time Taraska began to think that he had pretty nearly completed his education; so back he went to his old master. But such a guest was not at all to the master's taste, and he began to cast about for some way of getting rid of him. At last he hit upon a plan; and calling up Taraska, he put on a pleasant face, and said to him very kindly:

"Well, Taraska, have you become a first-rate thief by this time?"

"So-so; I can not praise myself, but I'm not just so bad at it as I might be."

"And whatever I set you to steal, could you steal it, do you think?"

"With your good leave, you will hardly find fault with *my* fingers."

"Very good—now we'll see what you can do. If you succeed in what I set you, your fortune's made; but if not, I'll hand you over to the soldiers (*i. e.*, deliver you to justice). Do you see, yonder comes a priest leading a cow. Can you steal me that cow, do you think, without the priest seeing you?"

"To be sure I can," says Taraska; "only give me a pair of small boots."

The master brought him the boots, and away went Taraska. He made a circuit through the forest, and coming out on the high-road about a hundred yards in front of the priest, threw one boot in the middle of the road, and slipped behind the trees again. Presently the priest came along, and seeing the boot lying there, picked it up.

"What a famous boot for my son now, if there had only been a pair of them! But as it is an odd one I'll e'en let it lie."

But Taraska, coming up the minute he was gone, took the boot again, and making another round among the trees, came out a good way ahead, and threw the boot into the road as before. The priest came along and espied it.

"Ah, now! what a fool I was not to keep the other, and then I'd have had the pair of them! I'll just go back and get it."

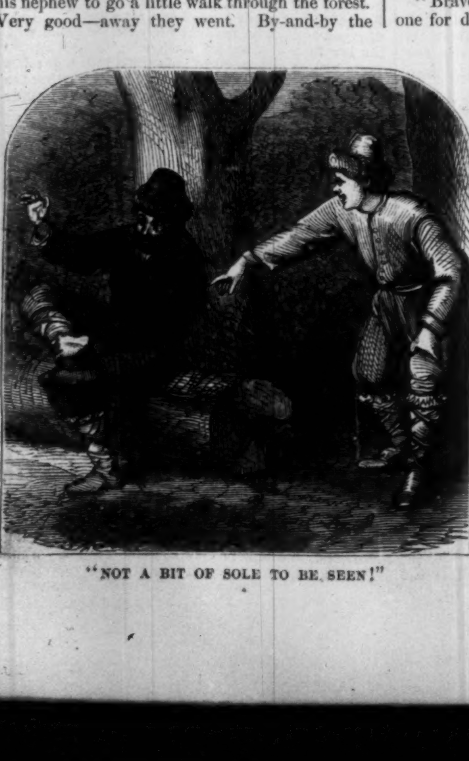
And tying the cow to a tree, he set off. But meanwhile Taraska stepped nimbly in, cut the rope, and marched off with the cow right into his master's yard.

But the master was no happier than a wolf in a trap when he saw how Taraska had managed; and he determined in some way or other to be even with him yet. So he called him up, and said: "This is all very well; but do you think you could steal the plate off my dinner-table?"

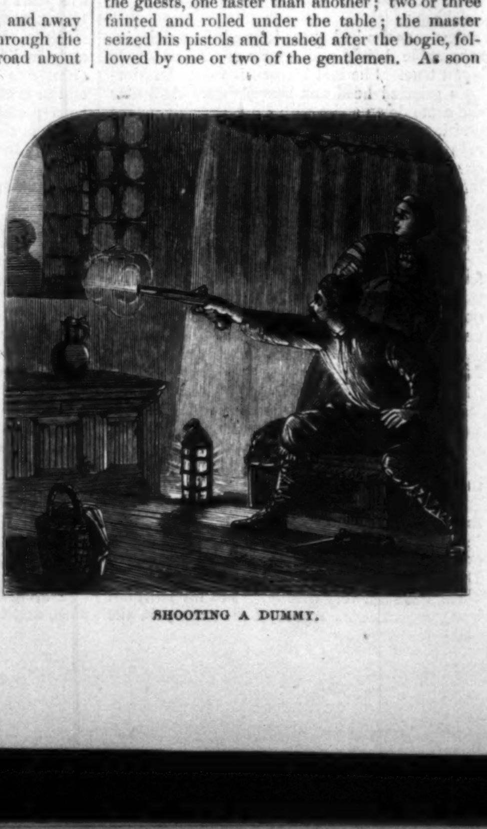
"Nothing easier," says Taraska, very coolly.

"Very good—if you can do it, well done you! but if not, to the soldiers you go forthwith."

Next day there was a great dinner at the master's house, and Taraska made himself very busy in the kitchen; he helped to cook the dinner, carried pans and dishes, and was like a man with three hands. But all this time he did not forget his own business; for, as soon as all was ready, he took a peasant whom he had bribed for the purpose, smeared him with honey, and stuck him full of black feathers, and then bade him creep into the great stove in the dining-hall, and do as he had been told. Presently in came all the guests, and sat round the table; and among them came the prior of a monastery close by. Now he (as it happened) took his seat exactly opposite the stove in which Taraska's man was hidden. Well, just as dinner was beginning, the door of the stove opened quietly, and out popped a black, horrid-looking head, all covered with feathers. But no one noticed it except the prior, who got a terrible start. After a time the bogie peered out again, and grinned, and put out his tongue at the prior, who fell all of a tremble, and began crossing himself at a great rate. "Heaven preserve me!" says he to himself, "what evil can I have done that the devil should be sent to torment me like this, miserable sinner that I am?" The thought had scarcely passed through his mind when suddenly the bogie jumped out of the stove with a great whoop, and began dancing round the table. Then nothing was heard but "Oh dear!" and "Help! help!" Away ran all the guests, one faster than another; two or three fainted and rolled under the table; the master seized his pistols and rushed after the bogie, followed by one or two of the gentlemen. As soon



"NOT A BIT OF SOLE TO BE SEEN!"



SHOOTING A DUMMY.

as they were gone our hero made a clean sweep of the plate.

When the master came to think over the matter, and remembered how things had gone, he was so wild that you could not have held him with a cart-rope; and he swore vehemently that, come what might, he would find means to pay Taraska for all that he had done. At last a thought came into his head, and he called up Taraska, and said to him, with as pleasant a face as he could put on:

"Well, Taraska, my lad, you've done famously; there's no denying it. Now I'm going to set you one task more, and then you're a free man. Do you think you could steal my money-chest? If so, the money's yours; but if not, why, then to the soldiers!"

"I shall be most happy," said Taraska, very politely; "and the sooner the better."

So the master went his way; and, bethinking himself that woman's wit is sometimes sharper than man's, he told the whole story to his wife, and asked her counsel.

"I'll tell you what to do," said she; "when night comes on put the chest in this corner, and I'll sit down upon it; and you sit beside me and keep watch, with your pistols on the table in front of you, ready to hand; and we'll keep watch till he comes, and if he gets the money then, let him say that he outwitted *me!*" And as she said, so it was done; and when all was ready the master began to rub his hands and chuckle, saying to himself, "Come, I've got him this time, I think. Let us see how he'll get out of it now!"

But in the mean time Taraska had run off to his uncle (who happened to be in the village), and engaged him to assist by the offer of a share of the booty. So, in the first place, they made a kind of dummy with a sheep-skin and a block of wood: then Taraska dressed up his uncle in an old uniform belonging to the District Inspector of Police, which they had stolen some time before; and in this way they set off to the master's house. It was summer time, and consequently all the windows on the ground-floor were open; so Taraska took the dummy in his arms, and lifted it till its head came above the window-sill. The moment the head appeared the master, who was on the watch, fired a pistol full at it. Immediately there came a fearful groan, and the sound of a heavy fall; and then all was still.

"Hallo! hallo there!" cried Taraska's uncle, coming round the corner in the inspector's uniform; "what does all this mean? Here's a man murdered under your very windows, and you don't even stir a foot to help him, or to seize the murderer! Just be so kind as to step this way, will you?"

Out came the master with a very bad grace, carrying his lantern in his hand, and there, sure enough, was a dead body (or something very like one) lying on the ground, and the inspector of police, to all appearance, standing beside it.

"This is a pretty business for you to be mixed up in, my friend," said the pretended inspector, very sternly. "Be off with you this minute to the constable's hut, and get every thing ready for taking the deposition; and I, in the mean time, will go round the village and make farther inquiries respecting the affair."

Away went the master accordingly, trailing one foot after the other, and cursing Taraska, the money-chest, himself, the inspector of police, and every thing in the world, a thousand times over. But no sooner had he turned his back than Taraska slipped quietly into the house, and went straight to the room where the master's wife was still keeping guard over the chest, and wondering why her husband did not come back.

"All's well now, my love!" said Taraska, in a whisper, imitating the master's voice; "I've finished that rascal at last, and a good job too. He won't come to rob us again in a hurry, I'll be bound. Now, then, give me the chest, and I'll put it back in my cabinet; it's no good sitting up over it all night, now that there is nothing more to fear."

Now at night, as we all know, it is generally very dark; and it was none the lighter now that the master had carried off the lantern. Consequently, the good lady, who could not see a bit of Taraska, never dreamed but that it was her husband who was speaking; so she handed over the chest without more ado. Taraska immediately marched out of the house with it, hid it among the bushes, and then, going into the kitchen and curling himself up beside the stove, he went comfortably off to sleep.

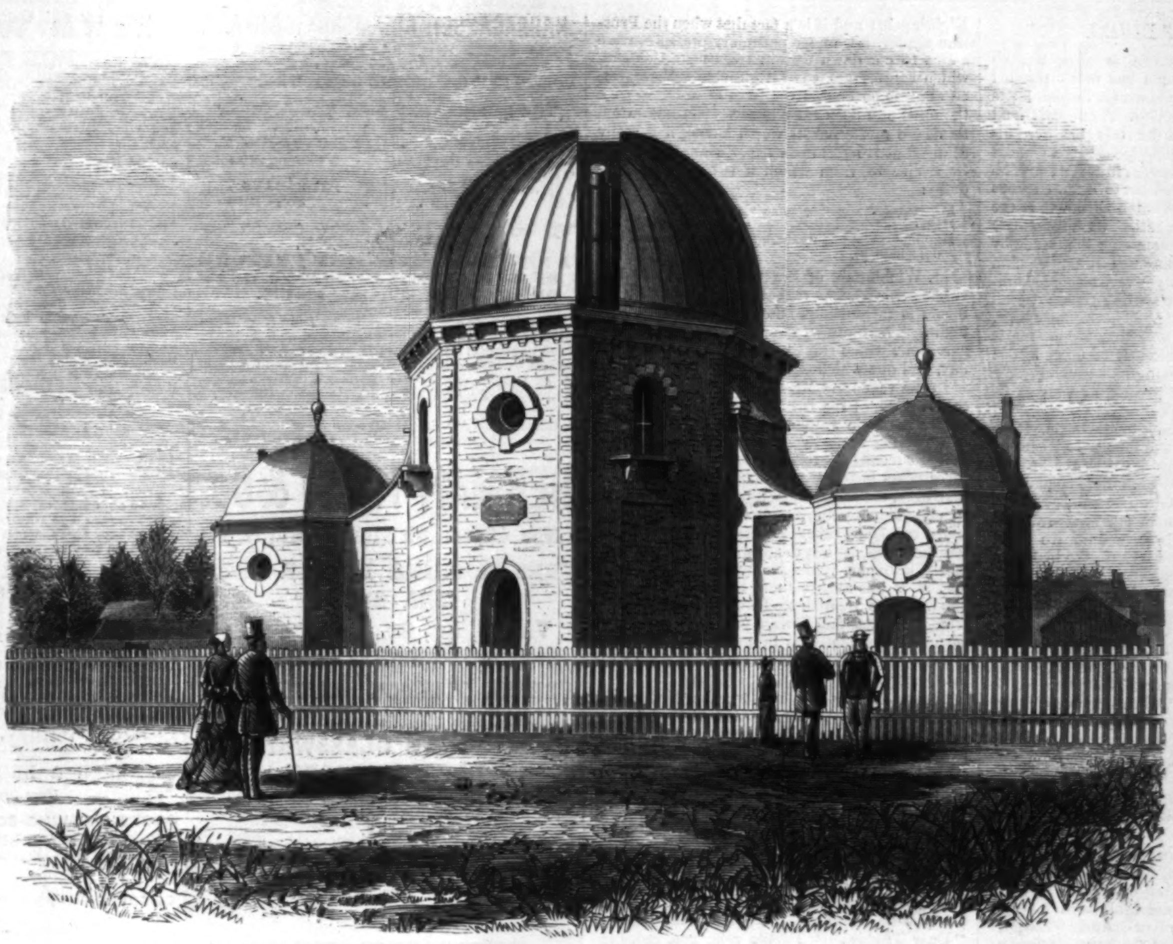
In the mean time his master, who had waited at the constable's hut till he was tired without hearing any thing more of the murder, thought he might just as well go home and see that his money-chest was all right; so back he went accordingly, lantern and all.

"Why, wife, where's the chest?"

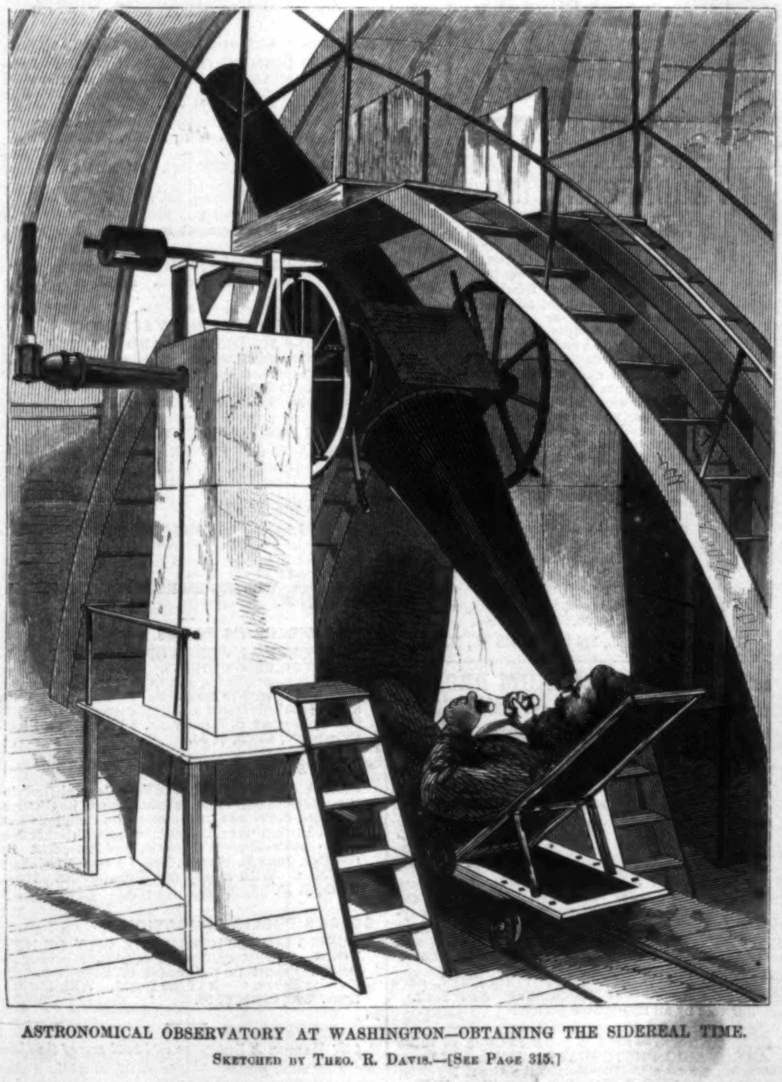
"Why, my love, you took it away yourself, you know, about half an hour ago. What have you been doing all the time since then?"

The master gave a kind of roar, like a bear hit by a bullet, and bumped his head against the wall as if he had suddenly gone mad.

"Oh, but I am an old fool!" howled he; "see now if I haven't let that villain take me in again! Well, it's no use trying to get over him, I can see that, so I'll just send him about his business, and never have any thing more to do with him.'

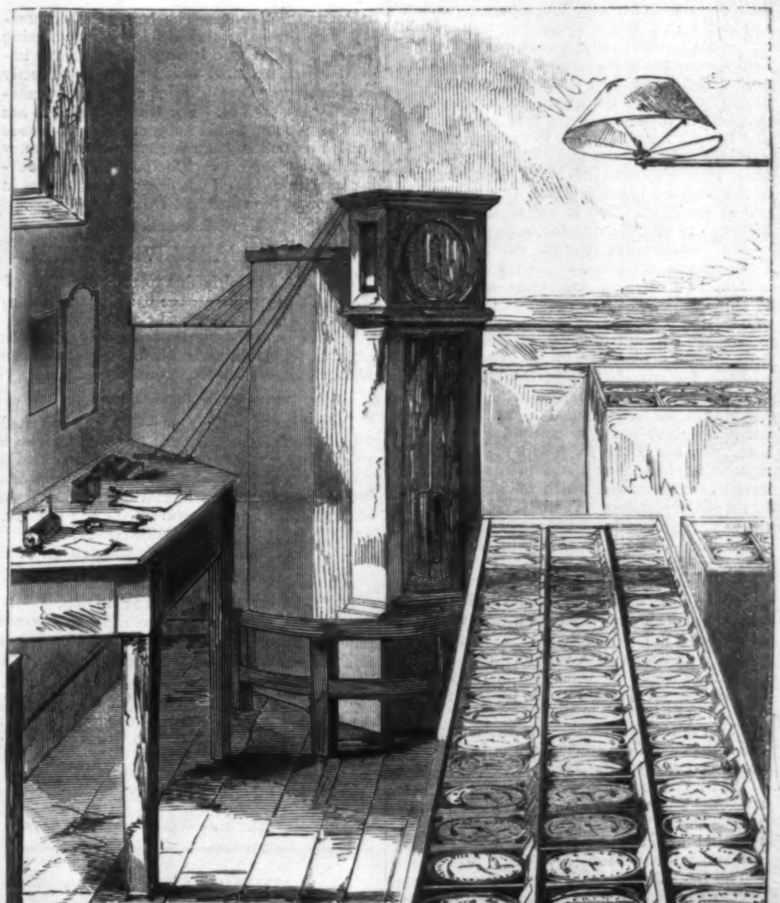


THE HALSTED OBSERVATORY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.—Photographed by Wm. R. Howell, 867 Broadway.—[See Page 315.]



ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON—OBTAINING THE SIDEREAL TIME.

Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 315.]



ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON—CHRONOMETER ROOM.

Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 315.]

TALKING BIRDS.

Certain birds are known to utter strange sounds, the origin of which has much puzzled the ornithologists. The Brown Owl which hoots is hence called the Screech Owl. A musical friend of Gilbert White tried all the owls that were his near neighbors with a pitch-pipe set at a concert pitch, and found they all hooted in B flat; and he subsequently found that neither owls nor cuckoos kept to one note. The Whidah Bird, one of the most costly of cage-birds, rattles its tail-feathers with a noise somewhat resembling that made by the rattle-snake. The Chinese Starling, in China called *Longuoy*, in captivity is very teachable, imitating words, and even whistling tunes: we all remember Sterne's starling. The Piping Crow, to be seen in troops in the Blue Mountains, is named from its ready mimicry of other birds: its imitation of the chucking and cackling of a hen and the crowing of a cock, as well as its whistling of tunes, are described as very perfect: its native note is said to be a loud whistle. The Blue Jay turns his imitative faculty to treacherous account: he so closely imitates the St. Domingo Falcon as to deceive even those acquainted with both birds; and the falcon no sooner appears in their neighborhood than the jays swarm around him and insult him with their imitative cries, for which they frequently fall victims to his appetite. The Bull-finch, according to Blumenbach, learns to whistle tunes, to sing in parts, and even to pronounce words. The note of the Crowned Crane has been compared by Buffon to the hoarseness of a trumpet; it also clucks like a hen. Mr. Wallace, in his "Travels on the Amazon," saw a bird about the size and color of the raven, which uttered a loud, hoarse cry, like some deep musical instrument, whence its Indian name, *Ueramioube*—Trumpet Bird. It inhabits the flooded islands of the Rio Negro and the Solimoes, never appearing on the main land. The only sound produced by storks is by snapping their bills. The Night Heron is called the Qua Bird, from its note *Qua*.

The Bittern, the English provincial names of which are the Mire-drum, Bull of the Bog, etc., is so called for the bellowing or drumming noise or booming for which the bird is so famous. This deep note of the "hollow-sounding Bittern" is exerted on the ground at the breeding season, about February or March. As the day declines he leaves his haunt, and, rising spirally, soars to a great height in the twilight. Willughby says that it performs this last-mentioned feat in the autumn, "making a singular kind of noise, nothing like to lowing." Bewick says that it soars as above described when it changes its haunts. Ordinarily it flies heavily, like the heron, uttering from time to time a resounding cry, not bellowing; and then Willughby, who well describes the bellowing noise of the breeding season, supposes it to be the Night Raven, at whose "deadly voice" the superstitious wayfarer of the night turned pale and trembled. "This, without doubt," writes Willughby, "is that bird our common people call the Night Raven, and have such a dread of, imagining its cry portends no less than their death or the death of some of their near relations; for it flies in the night, answers their description of being like a flagging collar, and hath such a kind of hooping cry as they talk of." Others, with some reason, consider the Qua Bird already mentioned (which utters a loud and most disagreeable noise when on the wing, conveying the idea of the agonies of a person attempting to vomit) to be the true Night Raven. The Bittern was well known to the ancients, and Aristotle mentions the fable of its origin from staves metamorphosed into birds. The long claw of the hind-toe is much prized as a tooth-pick, and in the olden times it was thought to have the property of preserving the teeth.

The Greater-billed Butcher Bird, from New Holland, has extraordinary powers of voice: it is trained for catching small birds, and it is said to imitate the notes of some other birds by way of decoying them to their destruction.

The mere imitative sounds of parrots are of little interest compared with the instances of instinct, apparently allied to reason, which are related of individuals. Of this tribe the distinguishing characteristics are a hooked bill, the upper mandible of which is movable as well as the lower, and not in one piece with the skull, as in most other birds, but joined to the head by a strong membrane, with which the bird lifts it or lets it fall at pleasure. The bill is also round on the outside and hollow within, and has, in some degree, the capacity of a mouth, allowing the tongue, which is thick and fleshy, to play freely; while the sound, striking against the circular border of the lower mandible, reflects it like a palate: hence the animal does not utter a whistling sound, but a full articulation.

The Wild Swan has a very loud call, and utters a melancholy cry when one of the flock is killed; hence it was said by the poets to sing its own dying dirge. Such was the popular belief in olden times; and, looking to the anatomical characteristics of the species, it was, in some degree, supported by the more inflated windpipe of the wild when compared with that of the tame species. The *Song of the Swan* is, however, irreconcilable with sober belief, the only noise of the Wild Swan of our times being unmelodious, and an unpleasing monotony.

The Laughing Goose is named from its note having some resemblance to the laugh of man, and not, as Wilson supposes, from the grinning appearance of its mandibles. The Indians imitate its cry by moving the hand quickly against the lips while they repeat the syllable *wah*.

The Cuckoo may be said to have done much for musical science, because from that bird has been derived the *minor scale*, the origin of which has puzzled so many; the Cuckoo's couplet being the *minor third* sung downward.

The Germans are the finest appreciators of the Nightingale; and it is a fact that when the Prussian authorities, under pecuniary pressure, were about to cut down certain trees near Cologne, which were frequented by Nightingales, the alarmed citizens purchased the trees in order to save the birds and keep their music. Yet one would think the music hardly worth having if it really sounded as it looks upon paper, transcribed thus by Bechstein, from whom it is quoted by Broderip:

> Zozozozozozozozozozozozozo zirrhading
> Hezezezezezezezezezezezezezezeze cowar ho dze hoi
> Higaigaigaigaigaigaigaigaigaigai, guaingai coricor
> dzio dzio pi.

M. Wichterich, of Bonn, remarks: "It is a vulgar error to suppose that the song of the Nightingale is melancholy, and that it only sings by night. There are two varieties of the Nightingale—one which sings both in the night and the day, and one which sings in the day only."

In the year 1858 Mr. Leigh Sotheby, in a letter to Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, described a marvelous little specimen of the feathered tribe—a Talking Canary. Its parents had previously and successfully reared many young ones, but three years before they hatched only *one* out of four eggs, the which they immediately neglected by commencing the rebuilding of a nest on the top of it. Upon this discovery the unfledged and forsaken bird, all but dead, was taken away and placed in flannel by the fire, when, after much attention, it was restored, and then brought up by hand. Thus treated, and away from all other birds, it became familiarized only with those who fed it; consequently its first singing-notes were of a character totally different to those usual with the Canary.

Constantly being talked to, the bird, when about three months old, astonished its mistress by repeating the endearing terms used in talking to it, such as "Kissie, kissie," with its significant sounds. This went on, and from time to time the little bird repeated other words; and then, for hours together, except during the moulting season, it astonished by *ringing the changes*, according to its own fancy, and as plainly as any human voice could articulate them, on the several words, "Dear sweet Titchie" (its name), "kiss Minnie;" "Kiss me, then, dear Minnie;" "Sweet pretty little Titchie;" "Kissie, kissie, kissie;" "Dear Titchie;" "Titchie wee, gee, gee, gee, Titchie, Titchie."

The usual singing-notes of the bird were more of the character of the Nightingale, mingled occasionally with the sound of the dog-whistle used about the house. It is hardly necessary to add that the bird was by nature remarkably tame.

In 1839 a Canary-bird capable of distinct articulation was exhibited in Regent Street, London. The following were some of its sentences: "Sweet pretty dear;" "Sweet pretty dear Dicky;" "Mary;" "Sweet pretty little Dicky dear;" and often in the course of the day, "Sweet pretty Queen." The bird also imitated the jarring of a wire, the ringing of a bell; it was three years old, and was reared by a lady who never allowed it to be in the company of other birds. This Canary died in October, 1839; it was, it is believed, the only other talking instance publicly known.

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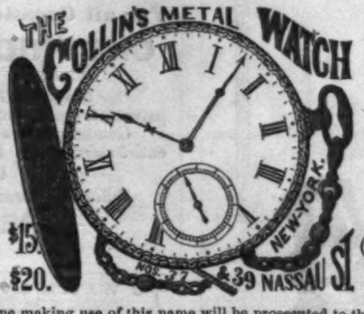

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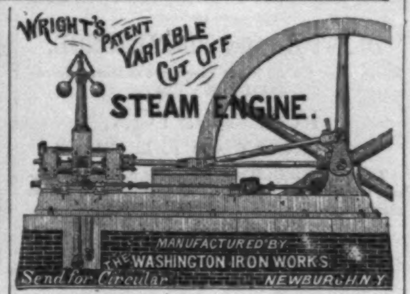

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